Vera et viva Effigies
Johannis Cleveland.

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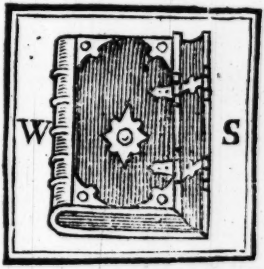
POEMS.

BY

J. C.

With Additions, never before Printed.



Printed in the Yeare
1653.

A brief Table of the Poems and Characters. As alſo of Letters received, and anſwers thereunto.

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Two ſeverall Letters written to I. C.
I. C. *his anſwer to each particular Letter.*

The

TO THE
STATE of LOVE,
OR,
The Senses Festivall.

I Saw a vision yester-night
Enough to tempt a *Seekers* sight:
I wisht my self a *Shaker* there,
And her quick pulse my trembling Sphear.
It was a She so glittering bright:
You'd think her soul an *Adamite.*
A person of so rare a frame,
Her body might be lin'd with fame,
Beauties chiefest Maid of Honour;
You'd break a Lent with looking on her.
Not the fair Abbesse of the skies,
With all her Nunnery of eyes,
Can shew me such a glorious prize.
And yet, because 'tis more renown
To make a shaddow shine, she's brown;
A brown, for which, heaven would disband
The Gallaxye, and stars be tann'd.
Brown by reflexion, as her eye
Dazells the Summers livery.

Old dormant windows muſt confeſſe,
Her beams their glimering ſpectacles;
Struck with the ſplendor of her face,
Do'th office of a burning-glaſſe.
Now where ſuch radiant lights have ſhown,
No wonder if her cheeks be grown
Sun-burnt with luſter of her own.
My ſight took pay, but (thank my charms)
I now empale her in mine arms.
(Loves compaſſes) confining you
Good Angells to a compaſſe too.
Is not the Univerſe ſtrait-lac't,
When I can claſp it in the waſt?
My amorous foulds about thee hurl'd,
With *Drake*, I compaſſe in the World.
I hoop the firmament, and make,
This my embrace the Zodiack.
How would thy Center take my ſenſe,
When admiration doth commence,
At the extream circumference!
Now to the melting kiſſe that ſips
The jelly'd Philtre of her lips
So ſweet, there is no tongue can prais't,
Till tranſubſtantiate with a taſte,
Inſpir'd like *Mahomet* from above,
By th'billing of my heav'nly Dove;
Love prints her Signets in her ſmacks,
Thoſe ruddy drops of ſqueezing wax;
Which, whereſoever ſhe imparts,
They're Privie Seals to take up hearts.

Our

Our mouthes encountering at the ſport,
My ſlippery ſoule had quit the fort,
But that ſhe ſtopt the Sally-port.
Next to thoſe ſweets her lips diſpence,
As twin-conſerves of eloquence;
The ſweet perfume her breath affords;
Incorporating with her words;
No Roſary this Votreſſe needs,
Her very ſylables are beads.
No ſooner 'twixt thoſe Rubies born:
But Jewels are in Ear-rings worn.
With what delight her ſpeech doth enter,
It is a kiſſe oth' ſecond venter.
And I diſſolve at what I hear,
As if another *Roſemond* were
Couch'd in the Labyrinth of my ear.
Yet, that's but a preludious bliſſe;
Two ſouls pickearing in a kiſſe.
Embraces do but draw the line,
'Tis ſtorming that muſt take her in.
When bodies whine, and victory hovers
'Twixt the equall fluttering lovers
This is the game, make ſtakes my dear,
Hark how the ſpritely *Chanticlere*,
That Baron *Tell-clock* of the night,
Sounds *Boot-eſel* to *Cupids* knight.
Then have at all, the paſſe is got,
For comming off, oh name it not:
Who would not die upon the ſpot!

THE HECATOMB TO HIS MISTRESSE.

BE dumb ye beggers of the rhiming Trade.
Geld the loose witts, and let the Muse be splaid.
Charge not the parish with the bastard phrase
Of balm, Elixar, both the Indias.
Of shrine, saint, sacrilege, and such as these
Expressions, common as their Mistresses.
Hence ye fantastick Postillers in song,
My text defeats your art, ties natures tongue,
Scorns all his tinsil'd metaphors of pelf,
Illustrated by nothing but his self.
As Spiders travell by their bowels spun
Into a thread, and when the race is run,
Wind up their journey in a living clew,
So is it with my Poetry and you.
From your own essence must I first untwine,
Then twist againe each Panegerick line.
Reach then a soaring quill that I may write,
As with a Jacobs staff to take the height.
Suppose an Angel darting through the air,
Should there encounter a religious prayer
Mounting to heaven, that intelligence
Should for a Sunday-suit thy breath condense

Into

Into a body. Let me crack a ſtring
In venturing higher; were the note I ſing,
Above heavens *Ela*, ſhould I undecline,
And with a deep-mouth'd *Gamvut* ſound agen,
From pole to pole I could not reach her worth,
Nor find an Epithite to ſet it forth.
Mettals may blazon common beauties; She
Makes pearl and planets humble herauldy.
As then a purer ſubſtance is defin'd,
But by a heap of Negatives combin'd;
Ask what a ſpirit is, you'l hear them cry
It hath no matter, no mortality,
So can I not define how ſweet, how fair,
Onely I ſay ſhe's not as others are.
For what perfections we to others grant,
It is her ſole perfection to want.
All other forms ſeem in reſpect of thee
The Almanacks miſhap'd Anatomy,
Where *Aries*, head and face; *Bull*, neck and throat;
The *Scorpion* gives the ſecrets; knees, the *Goat*:
A brief of limbs foule as thoſe beaſts, or are
Their name-ſak'd ſignes in their ſtrange charracter.
As the Philoſophers to every ſence
Marry it's object, yet with ſome diſpence,
And grant them a Poligamie withall,
And theſe their common ſenſibles they call;
So is't with her, who ſtinted unto none,
Unites all Sences in each action.
The ſame beam heats and lights; to ſee her well,
Is both to hear and feel, to taſt and ſmel.

For

For can you want a palate in your eyes,
When each of his contains a double prize,
Venus his apple? can th' eyes want noſe,
When from each cheek buds forth a fragrant Roſe?
Or can the ſight be deaf, if ſhe but ſpeak,
A well-tun'd face ſuch mooving Rhetorick?
Doth not each look a flaſh of light'ning feel
Which ſpares the bodies ſheath, and melts the ſteel?
Thy ſoul muſt needs confeſſe, or grant thy ſence
Corrupted with the objects excellence.
Sweet Magick, which can make five ſences lie
Conjur'd within the circle of an eye.
In whom ſince all the five are intermixt,
Oh now that *Scaliger* would prove his fixt!
Thou man of mouth, that canſt not name a She
Unleſſe all nature pay a Subſidie,
Whoſe language is a Tax, whoſe Muskat verſe
Voides nought but flowers for thy Muſes herſe,
Fitter than *Celia's* looks, who in a trice
Canſt ſtate the long diſputed Paradiſe:
And with Divines hunt with ſo cold a ſent,
Canſt in her boſome find it reſident.
Now come aloft, come, come and breath a vein,
And give ſome vent unto thy daring ſtrain.
Say the Aſtrologer, who ſpels the ſtars,
In that faire Alphabet reads peace and wars,
Miſtakes his Globe, and in her brighter eye
Interprets heavens Phyſiognomy.
Call her the Metaphyſicks of her Sex,
And ſay ſhe tortures wits, as *Quartans* vex

Phy-

Physitians : call her the *Square Circle*, say
She is the very rule of *Algebra*.
What e're you undertake not, say't of her,
For that's the way to write her Character.
Say this and more, and when thou hop'st to raise
Thy fansie so as to include her praise,
Alas poor *Gotham* with thy Coocko hedge,
Hyperboles are here but sacriledge.
Then rouze up Muse, what thou hast reveal'd out,
Some comments clear not, but increase the doubt.
She that affords poor mortals not a glance
Of knowledge, but is known by ignorance,
She that commits a rape on every sence,
Whose breath can countermand a pestilence;
She that can strike the best invention dead,
Till bafled Poetry hangs down her head:
She, she it is, she that contains all blisse,
And makes the world but her Periphrasis.

Upon

UPON
Sir THOMAS MARTIN,
Who ſubſcribed a Warrant thus.

We the Knights and Gentlemen of the Committee, &c. When there was no Knight but himſelf.

HAng out a flag, and gather peace a piece
(Which *Affrick* never bred, nor ſwelling *Greece*
With ſtories Timpany) a beaſt ſo rare
No *Lecturers* wrought cap, nor *Bartlemew* fare
Can match him; natures whimſey, one that out-vies
Tredeskin and his ark of Novelties.
The *Gog* and *Magog* of prodigious ſights,
With reverence to your eyes, Sir *Thomas Knights*:
But is this bigamy of titles due?
Are you Sir *Thomas*, and Sir *Martin* too?
Iſſachar couchant twixt a brace of Sirs,
Thou Knighthood in a pair of panniers.
Thou that look'ſt wrapt up in thy warlike leather,
Like *Valentine* and *Orſon* bound together.
Spurs repreſentative! thou that art able
To be a *Voider* to King *Arthurs Table*:
Who in this ſacrilegious maſſe of all
It ſeems ha's ſwallowed *Windſors* Hoſpitall.

Pair-

Pair-royall headed *Cerberus* his Cozen:
Hercules labours were a Bakers dozen.
Had he but trumpt on thee, whose forked neck
Might well have answered at the Font for *Smeck*:
But can a Knighthood on a Knighthood lie,
Mettall on Mettall is ill Armory.
And yet the known *Godfrey* of *Bulloin's* coat
Shines in exception to the Heraulds vote.
Great spirits move not by pedantick laws,
Their actions though eccentrick, state the cause,
And *Priscian* bleeds with honour: *Cæsar* thus
Subscrib'd two Consuls with one *Julius*.
Tom never oaded Squire, scarce Yeoman high,
Is *Tom* twice dipt Knight of a double dy?
Fond man! whose fate is in his name betray'd,
It is the setting Sun doubles his shade;
But its no matter, for *Amphibious* he
May have a Knight hang'd, yet Sir *Tom* go free.

On

On the memory of Mr. Edward King, *drown'd in the Iriſh Seas.*

I Like not tears in tune, nor do I prize
His artificiall grief who ſcans his eyes,
Mine weep down pious beads, but why ſhould I
Confine them to the Muſes Roſary?
I am no poet here; my pen's the ſpout
Where the Rain-water of mine eyes run out
In pitty of that Name, whoſe fate we ſee
Thus copi'd out in griefs Hydrography:
The Muſes are not Mair-maids, though upon
His death the Ocean might turn *Helicon.*
The Sea's too rough for verſe; who rhimes upon't
With *Xerxes* ſtrives to fetter th' *Heleſpont.*
My tears will keep no channell, know no laws
To guide their ſtreames; but (like the waves their
Run with diſturbance, till they ſwallow me (cauſe)
As a deſcription of his miſery.
But can his ſpacious virtue find a grave
Within th' impoſtum'd bubble of a wave?
Whoſe learning if we ſound, we muſt confeſſe
The ſea but ſhallow, and him bottomleſſe.
Could not the winds to counter-mand thy death,
With their whole card of lungs redeem thy breath?
Or ſome new Iſland in thy reſcue peep,
To heave thy reſurrection from the deep?
That ſo the world might ſee thy ſafety wrought,
With no leſſe wonder than thy ſelf was thought.

The

The famous *Stagarite*, who in his life
Had nature as familiar as his wife,
Bequeath'd his Widdow to ſurvive with thee,
Queen Dowager of all Philoſophy:
An ominous Legacy, that did portend
Thy fate and Predeceſſors ſecond end:
Some have affirm'd that what on earth we find,
The Sea can parallel in ſhape and kind:
Books, arts, and tongues were wanting, but in thee
Neptune hath got an Univerſity.
Wee'l dive no more for pearls, the hope to ſee
Thy ſacred reliques of mortality
Shall welcome ſtorms, and make the ſea-men prize
His ſhipwrack now more than his merchandize.
He ſhall embrace the waves, and to thy tombe
As to a *Royaller Exchange* ſhall come.
What can we now expect? water, and fire;
Both elements our ruine do conſpire:
And that diſſolves us which doth us compound,
One *Vatican* was burnt, another drown'd.
We of the Gown our Libraries muſt toſſe,
To underſtand the greatneſſe of our loſſe,
Be pupills to our grief, and ſo much grow
In learning, as our ſorrows over-flow.
When we have fill'd the Rundlets of our eyes,
We'l iſſue't forth, and vent ſuch Elegies,
As that our tears ſhall ſeem the *Iriſh* ſeas,
We floting Iſlands, living *Hebrides*.

On-

On The ſame.

TEll me no more of *Stoicks*: canſt thou tell
Who'twas, that when the waves began to ſwel
The Ship to ſink, ſad paſſengers to call,
[Maſter we periſh.] ſlept ſecure of all?
Remember this, and him that waking kept,
A mind as conſtant as he did that ſlept.
Canſt thou give credit to his zeal and love,
That went to Heaven, and to thoſe flames above
Wrapt in a fiery Chariot? ſince I heard
Who't was, that on his knees the Veſſell ſteer'd
With hands bolt up to Heaven, ſince I ſee
As yet no ſign of his mortality;
Pardon me, Reader, if I ſay he's gone
The ſelf-ſame journey in a watry one.

Upon

Upon an HERMAPHRODITE.

SIr, or Madam, chuſe you whether,
Nature twiſt'd you both together:
And makes thy ſoul two garbs confeſſe,
Both petticoat and breeches dreſſe.
Thus we chaſtiſe the God of Wine,
With water that is feminine,
Untill the cooler nymph abate
His wrath, and ſo concorporate.
Adam till his rib was loſt,
Had both Sexes thus ingroſt:
When Providence our Sire did cleave,
And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*,
Then did man'bout weadlock treat,
To make his body up compleat:
Thus Matrimony ſpeaks but *Thee*
In a grave ſolemnity.
For man and wife make but one right
Canonicall *Hermaphrodite*,
Ravel thy body, and I find
In every limb a double kind.
Who would not think that head a pair
That breeds ſuch factions in the hair?
One halfſo churliſh in the touch,
That rather than indure ſo much,
It would my tender limbs apparell
In *Regulus* his nailed barrell:

But the other half ſo ſmall,
And ſo amorous withall,
That *Cupid* thinks each hair doth grow
A ſtring for his invis'ble bow.
When I look babies in thine eyes,
Here *Venus*, there *Adonis* lies.
And though thy beauty be high noon,
Thy Orb containes both Sun and Moon,
How many melting kiſſes skip
'Twixt thy Male and Female lip?
'Twixt thy upper bruſh of hair
And thy nether beards deſpair?
When thou ſpeak'ſt, I would not wrong
Thy ſweetneſſe with a double tongue:
But in every ſingle ſound
A perfect Dialogue is found:
Thy breaſts diſtinguiſh one another;
This the ſiſter, that the brother.
When thou joyn'ſt hands, my ear ſtill fancies
The Nuptiall ſound, I *John* take *Frances*:
Feel but the difference, ſoft, and rough,
This is a Gantlet, that a Muff:
Had ſly *Ulyſſes* at the ſack
Of *Troy* brought thee his Pedlers pack,
And weapons too, to know *Achilles*
From King *Nichomedes Phillis*,
His plot had fail'd; this hand would feel
The needle, that the warlike ſteel.
When muſick doth thy pace advance,
Thy right leg takes thy left to dance,

Nor

Nor is't a Galliard danc'd by one,
But a mixt dance, though alone:
Thus every heteroclite part
Changes gender, not thy heart.
Nay thoſe which modeſty can mean,
And dare not ſpeak, are Epicœne;
That gameſter needs muſt overcome,
That can play both *Tib* and *Tom*.
Thus did Natures mintage vary,
Coyning thee a *Philip* and *Mary*.

The Authors

HERMAPHODITE,

Made after Mr. Randolph's *death, yet inſerted into his* POEMS.

PRobleme of Sexes; muſt thou likewiſe be
As diſputable in thy pedigree?
Thou twins-in-one, in whom Dame Nature tries
To throw leſſe than Aums ace upon two Dice:
Wer't thou ſerv'd up two in one diſh, the rather
To ſplit thy Sire into a double father?
True, the worlds ſcales are even: what the main
In one place gets, another quits again.
Nature loſt one by thee, and therefore muſt
Slice one in two to keep her number juſt:

Plurality of livings is thy ſtate,
And therefore mine muſt be impropriate.
For, ſince the child is mine, and yet the claim
Is intercepted by anothers name,
Never did ſteeple carry double truer,
His is the Donative, and mine the Cure.
Then ſay my Muſe (and without more diſpute)
Who 'tis that fame doth ſuperinſtitute.
The *Theban* Wittall, when he once deſcries,
Jove is his rivall, falls to ſacrifice:
That name hath tipt his horns: ſee on his knees;
A health to Hans-en Kelder *Hercules*.
Nay ſublunary cuckolds are content
To entertain their fate with complement;
And ſhall not he be proud, whom *Randolph* daigns
To quarter with his Muſe both armes and brains?
Grammercy Goſſip, I rejoyce to ſee
Shee'th got a leap of ſuch a Barbary.
Talk not of horns, horns are the Poets creſt;
For ſince the Muſes left their former neſt,
To found a *Nunnery* in *Randolph*'s quill,
Cuckold *Pernaſſus* is a forked hill.
But ſtay, I've wak't his duſt, his Marble ſtirs,
And brings the worms for his compurgators.
Can Ghoſt have naturall ſons? ſay *Ogg*, is't meet,
Penance bear date after the winding ſheet?
Were it a *Phœnix* (as the double kind
May ſeem to prove, being there's two combin'd)
It would diſclaim my right, and that it were
The lawfull iſſue of his aſhes, ſwear.

But

But was he dead? did not his ſoul tranſlate
Her ſelf into a ſhop of leſſer rate?
Or break up houſe, like an expenſive Lord,
That gives his purſe a fob, and lives at board?
Let old *Pithagoras* but play the Pimp,
And ſtill there's hopes 't may prove his baſtard imp:
But I'me prophane; For grant the world had one,
With whom he might contract an union,
They two were one, yet like an Eagle ſpread,
I'th body joyn'd, but parted in the head.
For you my brat, that poſe the Porph'ry Chair,
Pope *John*, or *Joan*, or whatſoe're you are,
You are a nephew, grieve not at your ſtate,
For all the world is illegitimate.
Man cannot get a man, unleſſe the Sun
Club to the act of generation.
The Sun and man get man, thus *Tom* and I
Are the joynt fathers of thy Poetry.
For ſince (bleſt ſhade) this verſe is male, but mine
O'th' weaker Sex, a fancy feminine:
Wee'l part the child, and yet commit no ſlaughter,
So ſhall it be thy ſon, and yet my danghter.

To the HECTORS, upon the unfortunate death of H. COMPTON.

YOu Hectors! tame profeſſors of the Sword,
Who in the chair ſtate Duels, whoſe black words

Bewitches courage, and like Devils too
Leaves the bewitch'd, when't comes to fight and do.
Who on your errand our beſt Spirits ſend,
Not to kill Swine or Cowes, but man and friend;
Who are an whole Court-Martial in your drink,
And diſpute Honour, when you cannot think,
Not orderly, but prate out valour as
You grow inſpir'd by th' oracle of the Glaſs;
Then (like our zeal-drunk Presbyters) cry down
All Law of Kings and God, but what's their own.
Then y'have the gift of fighting, can diſcern
Spirits, who's fit to act, and who to learn,
Who ſhall be baffled next, who muſt be beat,
Who kill'd; that you may drink, and ſwear, and eat:
Whilſt you applaud thoſe murthers which you teach,
And live upon the wounds your Riots preach.

Meer booty ſoules! Who bid us fight a prize
To feaſt the laughter of our enemies?
Who ſhout, and clap at wounds, count it pure gain,
Meer providence, to hear a *Compton's* ſlain.
A name they dearly hate, and juſtly; ſhould (bloud;
They love't 'twere worſe, their love would taint the
Bloud alwayes true, true as their ſwords and cauſe,
And never vainly loſt, till your wild Lawes
Scandall'd their actions in this perſon, who
Truly durſt more than you dare think to do,
A man made up of graces, every Move
Had entertainment in it, and drew love
From all but him who kill'd him, who ſeeks a grave,
And fears a Death more ſhameful than he gave.

Now

Now you dread Hectors! you whom tyrant drink
Drags thrice about the Town; what do you think?
(If you be sober) Is it valour? say!
To overcome, and then to runne away.
Fie, fie, your lusts and Duels both are one,
Both are repented of as soon as done.

Square Cap.

COme hither *Apollo*'s bouncing Girle,
And in a whole *Hipocrine* of sherry
Let's drink a round till our brains do whirle,
Tuning our pipes to make our selves merry;
A Cambridge-Lasse, *Venus*-like, born of the froth
Of an old half-fill'd Jug of barley broth,
She, she's my Mistresse, her Suiters are many,
But shee'l have a *Square-cap* if ere she have any.

And first for the Plush sake the *Monmouth-cap* comes,
Shaking his head like an empty bottle,
With his new fangled oath, by *Jupiters thumbs*,
That to her health hee'l begin a pottle:
He tells her, that after the death of his Grannam,
He shall have God knowes what *per annum*:
But still she replies, good Sir La-bee,
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Then Calot-*Leather-cap* ſtrongly pleads,
And fain would derive the pedigree of faſhion:
The *Antipodes* wear their ſhooes on their heads,
And why may not we in their imitation?
Oh, how this foot-ball noddle would pleaſe,
If it were but well toſs'd on S. *Thomas* his Lees.
But ſtill ſhe repli'd, good Sir La-bee,
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Next comes the Puritan in a *Wrought-cap*,
With a long waſted conſcience towards a Siſter,
And making a chappell of eaſe of her lap,
Firſt he ſaid grace, and then he kiſt her.
Belov'd, quoth he, thou art my Text,
Then falls he to Uſe and Application next:
But then ſhe replied, your Text (Sir) I'le b e,
For then I'm ſure you'l ne'r handle me.

But ſee where *Sattain-cap* ſcouts about, (marry;
And fain would this wench in his fellowſhip
He told her how ſuch a man was not put out,
Becauſe his wedding he cloſely did carry,
Hee'l purchaſe Induction by Simony,
And offers her money her incumbent to be.
But ſtill ſhe replied, good Sir La-bee,
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

The Lawyer's a Sophiſter by his *Round-cap*,
Nor in their fallacies are they divided;

The

The one milks the pocket, the other the tap,
And yet this wench he fain would have brided.
Come leave these thred bare Schollars, quoth he,
And give me livery and season of thee:
But peace *John-a-Nokes*, and leave your Oration,
For I never will be your Impropriation.
I pray you therefore good Sir La-bee;
For if ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Upon PHILLIS walking in a *Morning before* Sun-rising.

THe sluggish morn as yet undrest,
My *Phillis* brake from out her East,
As if shee'd made a match to run
With *Venus*, Usher to the Sun.
The trees, like Yeomen of her guard,
Serving more for pomp than ward,
Bank'd on each side with loyall duty,
Wave branches to inclose her beauty.
The plants, whose luxury was lopt,
Or age with crutches underpropt,
Whose wooden carkases are grown
To be but coffins of their own,
Revive, and at her generall dole
Each receives his antient soul.
The winged Choristers began
To chirp their Mattins: and the Fan

Of

Of whiſtling winds, like Organs, plaid,
Untill their Voluntaries made
The wak'ned earth in odours riſe
To be her morning Sacrifice.
The flowers call'd out of their beds,
Start and raiſe up their drowſie heads,
And he that for their colour ſeeks,
May find it vaulting in her cheeks,
Where Roſes mix: no civill war
Between her *York* and *Lancaſter*.
The Marigold, whoſe Courtiers face
Ecchoes the Sun, and doth unlace
Her at his riſe, at his full ſtop
Packs, and ſhuts up her gawdy ſhop;
Miſtakes her kue, and doth diſplay:
Thus *Phillis* antidates the day.
These miracles had cramp't the Sun,
Who thinking that his Kingdom's won,
Powders with light his friz'led locks,
To ſee what Saints his luſtre mocks.
The trembling leaves through which he plaid,
Dapling the walk with light and ſhade,
Like lattice-windowes, give the ſpy
Room but to peep with half an eye,
Leaſt her full Orb his ſight ſhould dim,
And bids us all good-night in him,
Till ſhe would ſpend a gentle ray,
To force us a new-faſhion'd day.
But what religious Palſie's this,
Which makes the boughs diveſt their bliſſe?

And

And that they might her footſteps ſtraw,
Drop their leaves with ſhivering awe.
Phillis perceives, and (leaſt her ſtay
Should wed *October* unto *May*;
And as her beauty caus'd a Spring,
Devotion might an Autumn bring)
Withdrew her beams, yet made no night,
But left the Sun her Curate-light.

Upon a MISER that made a great feaſt, *and the next day died for grief.*

NOr ſcapes he ſo: our dinner was ſo good,
My liquoriſh Muſe cannot but chew the cud:
And what delight ſhe took in th' invitation,
Strives to caſt o're again in this relation.
After a tedious grace in *Hopkins* rhime,
Not for devotion, but to take up time,
March'd the traind-band of diſhes uſher'd there,
To ſhew their poſtures, and then *as they were.*
For he invites no teeth, perchance the eye
He will afford the lovers gluttony;
This is a feaſt, a muſter, not a fight,
Our weapons not for ſervice, but for ſight.
But are we tantaliz'd? is all this meat
Cook'd by a Limmer for to view, not eat?
Th' Aſtrologers keep ſuch *Houſes* when they ſup
On joynts of *Taurus*, or their heavenly Tup.

What-

Whatever feasts be made are sum'd up here,
His table vyes not standing with his chear.
His Churchings, Christnings, in this meal are all,
And not transcrib'd, but in th' Originall.
Christmas is no feast moveable: for lo
The self-same dinner was ten yeares ago;
'Twill be immortall, if it longer stay,
The Gods will eat it for *Ambrosia*.
But stay a while, unlesse my whinyard fail,
Or is inchanted, I'le cut off th' intail.
Saint George for England then, have at the mutton,
When the first cut calls me bloud-thirsty glutton:
What *Ajax* with his anger quodl'd brain
Killing a sheep thought *Agamemnon* slain,
The fiction's now prov'd true; wounding his rost,
I lamentably butcher up mine host:
Such sympathy is with his meat, my weapon
Makes him an Eunuch, when it carves his capon.
Cut a Goose-leg, and the poor soul for moan
Turns creeple too, and after stands on one.
Have you not heard the abominable sport
A *Lancaster* Grand-Jury will report?
The souldier with his Morglay watcht the Mill,
The cats they came to feast, when lusty *Will*
Whips off great Pusses leg, which by some charm
Proves the next day such an old womans arm:
'Tis so with him, whose carkase never scapes,
But still we slash them in a thousand shapes:
Our serving-men, like Spaniels range, to spring
The fowl when he hath clockt under her wing.

Should

Should he on Widgeon, and on Woodcock feed,
It were (*Thyeſtes* like) on his own breed.
To pork he pleads a ſuperſtition due,
But not a mouth is muzled by the Jew.
Sauces we ſhould have none, had he his wiſh,
The Oranges i'th margent of the diſh,
He with ſuch Hucſters tells them o're and o're,
Th' *Heſperian* Dragon never watcht them more.
But being eaten now into deſpair,
Having nought elſe to do, he falls to prayer.
As thou didſt once put on the form of Bull,
And turn'ſt thy *Jo* to a lovely Mull,
Defend my rump great *Jove*, grant this poor beef
May live to comfort me in all this grief.
But no *Amen* was ſaid: See, ſee it comes,
Draw boyes, let trumpets ſound, and ſtrike up drums.
See how his bloud doth with the gravy ſwim,
And every trencher has a limb of him.
The Ven'ſons now in view, our hounds ſpend deeper.
Strange Deer which in the Paſty hath a keeper
Stricter than in the Park, making his gueſt
(As he had ſtoln't alive) to ſteal it dreſt:
The ſcent was hot, and we purſuing faſter.
Than *Ovids* pack of dogs e're chac'd their Maſter,
A double prey at once may ſeize upon,
Actæon and his Caſe of Veniſon:
Thus was he torn alive. To vex him worſe,
Death ſerves him up now as a ſecond courſe.
Should we, like *Thracians*, our dead bodies eat,
He would have liv'd onely to ſave his meat.

A Young Man to an Old Woman *Courting him.*

PEace Beldam *Eve*, surcease thy suit;
There's no temptation in such fruit.
No rotten Medlers, whilst there be
Whole Orchards in Virginity.
Thy stock is too much out of date
For tender plants t' inoculate.
A match with thee thy bridegroom feares,
Would be thought int'rest in his yeares.
Which when compar'd to thine, become
Odd money to thy Grandam summe.
Can Wedlock know so great a curse
As putting husbands out to Nurse?
How *Pond* and *Rivers* would mistake,
And cry new Almanacks for our sake?
Time sure hath wheel'd about his year,
December meeting *Janiveer*.
Th' Ægyptian Serpent figures time,
And stript, returns unto his Prime:
If my affection thou would'st win,
First cast thy Hieroglyphick skin.
My modern lips know not (alack)
The old Religion of thy smack.
I count that primitive imbrace,
As out of fashion as thy face.
And yet so long 'tis since thy fall,
Thy fornications classicall.

Our

Our ſports will differ , thou may'ſt play
Leero, and I *Alphonſo* way.
I'me no tranſlator, have no vein
To turn a woman young again:
Unleſſe you'l grant the Tailor's due,
To ſee the fore-bodies be new:
I love to wear clothes that are fluſh,
Not prefacing old rags with pluſh:
Like Aldermen, or Monſter-Sheriffs,
With canvas backs, and velvet-ſleeves.
And juſt ſuch diſcord there would be
Betwixt thy Skeleton and me.
Goe ſtudy ſalve and treacle, ply
Your tenants leg, or his ſore eye;
Thus Matrons purchaſe credit, thank
Six penniworth of Mountebank.
Or chew thy cood on ſome delight
Thou takeſt in thy *Eighty Eight*.
Or be but bed-rid once, and then
Thou'lt dream thy youthful ſins agen.
But if thou needs wilt be my Spouſe,
Firſt hearken, and attend my vowes.
When Ætna's *fires ſhall undergo*
The penance of the Alps in ſnow:
When Sol *at one blaſt of his horn*
Poſts from the Crab *to* Capricorn,
When th' heavens ſhuffle all in one,
The Torrid with the frozen Zone;
When all theſe contradictions meet,
Then (Sybill) *thou and I will greet.*

For

For all theſe ſimilies doe hold
In my young heat and thy dull cold;
Then if a Feaver be ſo good
A Pimp as to inflame thy bloud,
Hymen ſhall twiſt thee, and thy page
The diſtinct Tropick of mans age.
Well (Madam time) be ever bald,
I'le not thy Perywig be call'd.
I'le never be 'ſtead of a lover,
An aged Chronicles new cover.

To Mrs. K. T. who askt him *why he was Dumb.*

STay, ſhould I anſwer (Lady) then
In vain would be your queſtion.
Should I be dumb, why then again
Your asking me would be in vain.
Silence nor ſpeech (on neither hand)
Can ſatisfie this ſtrange demand.
Yet ſince your will throws me upon
This wiſhed contradiction,
I'le tell you how I did become
So ſtrangely (as you hear me) dumb.
Ask but the chap-falne Puritan,
'Tis zeal that tongue-ties that good man,
For heat of conſcience all men hold,
Is th' onely way to catch their cold:

How

How ſhould loves zealot then forbear
To be your ſilenc'd Miniſter ?
Nay, your Religion, which doth grant
A worſhip due to you my Saint,
Yet counts it that devotion wrong
That does it in the vulgar tongue.
My ruder words would give offence
To ſuch an hallow'd excellence;
As th' Engliſh Dialect would vary
The goodneſſe of an *Ave Mary*.
How can I ſpeak, that twice am checkt
By this and that religious Sect ?
Still dumb, and in your face I ſpy
Still cauſe, and ſtill Divinity !
As ſoon as bleſt with your ſalute,
My manners taught me to be mute:
For, leaſt they cancell all the bliſſe,
You ſign'd with ſo divine a kiſſe,
The lips you ſeal muſt needs conſent
Unto the tongues impriſonment.
My tongue in hold, my voice doth riſe
With a ſtrange *E-la* to my eyes,
Where it gets hail, and in that ſenſe
Begins a new-found Eloquence:
Oh liſten with attentive ſight,
To what my pratling eyes indite:
Or (Lady) ſince 'tis in your choiſe,
To give, or to ſuſpend my voice,
With the ſame key ſet ope the door
Wherewith you lockt it faſt before;

Kisse once again, and when you thus
Have doubly been miraculous,
My Muse shall write with Handmaids duty
The Golden Legend of your beauty.

He, whom his dumbnesse now confines,
But meanes to speak the rest by signes.

I. C.

A Fair NYMPH scorning a Black Boy *Courting her.*

Nymph. STand off, and let me take the air,
Why should the smoak pursue the fair?
Boy. My face is smoak, thence may be guess't
What flames within have scorch'd my brest:
Nymph. The flame of love I cannot view,
For the dark Lanthorn of thy hue.
Boy. And yet this Lanthorn keeps loves taper,
Surer than yours that's of white paper.
What ever midnight hath been here,
The Moon-shine of your light can clear.
Nymph. My Moon of an Eclipse is 'fraid,
If thou shouldst interpose thy shade.
Boy. Yet one thing (sweet-heart) I will ask,
Buy for me a new false Mask.
Nymph. Yes: but my bargain shall be this,
I'le throw my Mask off when I kisse.

Boy.

Boy. Our curl'd imbraces ſhall delight,
To chequer limbs with black and white.
Nymph. Thy ink, my paper, make me gueſſe,
Our Nuptiall bed will make a preſſe;
And in our ſports if any came,
They'l read a wanton Epigram.
Boy. Why ſhould my black thy love impair?
Let the dark ſhop commend thy ware:
Or if thy love from black forbeares,
I'le ſtrive to waſh it off with teares.
Nymph. Spare fruitleſſe tears, ſince thou muſt needs
Still wear about thee mourning weeds:
Teares can no more affection win,
Than waſh thy Æthiopian skin.

A Dialogue between two ZEALOTS *upon the* &c. *in the* OATH.

SIr *Roger*, from a zealous piece of Freeze,
Rais'd to a Vicar of the Children threes;
Whoſe yearly Audit may, by ſtrict accompt,
To twenty Nobles and his Vailes amount;
Fed on the common of the female charity,
Untill the Scots can bring about their parity;
So ſhotten, that his ſoul like to himſelf,
Walks but in *Querpo*: this ſame Clergy Elf,
Encount'ring with a brother of the Cloth,
Fell preſently to Cudgels with the Oath:

The Quarrell was a ſtrange miſ-ſhapen Monſter,
&c. (God bleſſe us) which they conſter,
The brand upon the buttock of the Beaſt,
The Dragons tail ti'd on a knot, a neſt
Of young *Apocriphaes*, the faſhion
Of a new mentall Reſervation.
While *Roger* thus divides the text, the other
Winks and expounds, ſaying, My pious brother,
Hearken with reverence; for the point is nice,
I never read on't, but I faſted twice,
And ſo by Revelation know it better
Than all the learn'd Idolaters 'oth' Letter.
With that he ſwell'd, and fell upon the Theam,
Like great *Goliah* with his Weavers beam:
I ſay to thee *&c.* thou li'ſt,
Thou art the curled lock of Antichriſt:
Rubbiſh of *Babell*, for who will not ſay
Tongues were confounded in *&c*?
Who ſwears *&c.* ſwears more oaths at once
Than *Cerberus* out of his triple Sconce:
Who views it well, with the ſame eye beholds
The old half Serpent in his numerous foulds.
Accurſt *&c.* thou, for now I ſcent
What lately the prodigious Oyſters meant.
Oh *Booker*, *Booker*, how cam'ſt thou to lack
This ſign in thy prophetick Almanack?
It's the dark Vault wherein th' infernall plot
Of Powder 'gainſt the State was firſt begot.
Peruſe the Oath, and you ſhall ſoon deſcry it
By all the Father *Garnets* that ſtand by it;

'Gainſt

'Gainſt whom the Church, whereof I am a Member,
Shall keep another fifth day of *November*.
Yet here's not all, I cannot half untruſs
&c. it's ſo abhominous.
The *Trojan* Nag was not ſo fully lin'd,
Unrip *&c.* and you ſhall find
Og the great Commiſſary, and which is worſe,
The Apparatour upon his skew-bal'd horſe.
Then (finally my Babe of Grace) forbear,
&c. will be too far to ſwear;
For 'tis (to ſpeak in a familiar ſtile)
A York-ſhire wea-bit, longer than a mile.
Then *Roger* was inſpir'd, and by Gods-diggers,
Hee'l ſwear at words in large, and not in figures.
Now by this drink, which he takes off, as loth
To leave, *&c.* in his liquid Oath.
His brother pledg'd him, and that bloudy wine,
He ſwears ſhall ſeal the Synods *Cataline*.
So they drunk on, not offering to part
Till they had quite ſworn out th' eleventh quart:
While all that ſaw and heard them, joyntly pray,
They and their tribe were all *&c.*

SMECTYMNUUS OR *the* CLUB-DIVINES.

S*Mectymnuus*? the Goblin makes me ſtart:
I'th' Name of Rabbi *Abraham*, what art?

Syriak? or *Arabick*? or *Welſh*? what skilt?
Ap all the Bricklayers that *Babell* built,
Some Conjurer tranſlate, and let me know it:
Till then 'tis fit for a Weſt-ſaxon Poet.
But doe the brother-hood then play their prizes,
Like Mummers in Religion with diſguiſes?
Out-brave us with a name in Rank and File,
A name, which if 'twere train'd would ſpread a mile;
The Saints monopoly, the zealous cluſter,
Which like a Porcupine preſents a muſter,
And ſhoots his quills at Biſhops and their ſees,
A devout litter of young *Maccabees*.
Thus Jack-of-all-trade hath devoutly ſhown
The twelve Apoſtles on a cherry-ſtone.
Thus faction's All-a-Mode in treaſons faſhion;
Now we have Hereſie by Complication.
Like to *Don Quixots* Roſary of ſlaves
Strung on a chain; a Murnivall of knaves
Packt in a trick, like Gypſies when they ride,
Or like Colleagues, which ſit all of a ſide:
So the vain ſatyriſts ſtand all a row;
As hallow teeth upon a Lute-ſtring ſhow.
Th' *Italian* Monſter pregnant with his brother,
Natures *Dyæreſis*, half one another,
He, with his little ſides-man *Lazarus*:
Muſt both give way unto *Smectymnuus*.
Next *Sturbridge-Fair* is *Smec's*; for lo his ſide
Into a five-fold *Lazar's* multipli'd.
Under each arm there's tuckt a double gyſſard,
Five faces lurk under one ſingle vizard.

The

The whore of *Babylon* left these brats behind,
Heires of confusion by *Gavel kind*.
I think *Pithagoras*'s soul is rambl'd hither,
With all the change of Rayment on together:
Smec is her generall Ward-robe, shee'l not dare
To think of him as of a thorough-fare;
He stops the Gossiping Dame; alone he is
The purlew of a *Metempsychesis*.
Like a Scotch mark, where the more modest sense
Checks the loud phrase, and shrinks to 13. pence:
Like to an *Ignis fatuus*, whose flame,
Though sometimes tripartite, joynes in the same:
Like to nine Taylors, who if rightly spell'd
Into one man are monosyllabeld.
Short-handed zeal in one hath cramped many,
Like to the Decalogue in a single penny.
See, see, how close the curs hunt under sheet,
As if they spent in Quire, and scan'd their feet.
One Cure and five Incumbents leap a truss:
The title sure must be litigious.
The *Sadduces* would raise a question,
Who must be *Smec* at the Resurrection.
Who coop'd them up together were to blame,
Had they but wire-drawn, and spun out their name
'Twould make another Prentices Petition
Against the Bishops, and their superstition.
Robson and *French* (that count from five to five
As far as nature fingers did contrive,
She saw they would be sessers, that's the cause
She cleft their hoof into so many clawes)

May tire their carret bunch, yet ne're agree
To rate *Smectymnuus* for Polemony.
Caligula, whose pride was mankinds bail,
As who disdain'd to murder by retail;
Wishing the world had but one generall neck,
His glutton blade might have found game in *Smec.*
No eccho can improve the Author more,
Whose lungs pay use on use to half a score.
No Fellon is more letter'd, though the brand
Both superscribes his shoulder and his hand.
Some Welch-man was his God-father, for he
Weares in his name his Genealogy.
The Banes are ask'd, would but the time give way,
Betwixt *Smectymnuus* and *Et cætera.*
The Guests invited by a friendly summons,
Should be the convocation and the commons,
The Priest to tye the Foxes tails together,
Moseley, or *Sancta Clara*, chuse you whether.
See, what an off-spring every one expects!
What strange pluralities of men and sects?
One saies hee'l get a Vestery, another
Is for a Synod: Bet upon the Mother:
Faith cry St. *George*, let them go to't, and stickle,
Whether a Conclave, or a Conventicle.
Thus might religions catterwaul, and spight,
Which uses to divorce, might once unite.
But their crosse fortunes interdict their trade,
The Groom is Rampant, but the Bride displai'd.
My task is done, all my hee-Goats are milkt;
So many cards i'th stock, and yet be bilkt?

I could by letters now untwiſt the rabble;
Whip *Smec* from Conſtable to Conſtable.
But there I leave you to another dreſſing,
Onely kneel down, and take your fathers bleſſing.
May the *Queen-Mother* juſtifie your feares,
And ſtretch her Patent to your leather eares.

The mixt Aſſembly.

FLea-bitten Synod; an Aſſembly brew'd
Of Clerks and Elders *and*, like the rude
Chaos of Presbyt'ry, where Lay-men guide
With the tame wool-pack Clergy by their ſide.
Who ask'd the Banes 'twixt theſe diſcolour'd mates?
A ſtrange Groteſco this, the Church and States
Moſt divine tick-tack in a pie-bald crew,
To ſerve as table-men of divers hue.
She that conceiv'd an *Æthiopian* heir
By picture, when the parents both were fair,
At ſight of you had born a dappled ſon,
You checquering her imagination.
Had *Jacobs* flock but ſeen you ſit, the dams
Had brought forth ſpeckled, and ringſtreaked lambs.
Like an Impropriators Motley kind,
Whoſe ſcarlet Coat is with a caſſock lin'd.
Like the Lay-thief in a Canonick weed,
Sure of his Clergy e're he did the deed,
Like *Royſton* crowes, who are (as I may ſay)
Friers of both the Orders, *Black* and *Grey*.

So mixt they are, one knowes not whether's thicker,
A Layre of *Burgeſſe*, or a Layre of *Vicar*.
Have they uſurp'd what Royall *Judah* had?
And now muſt *Levi* too part ſtakes with *Gad*?
The Scepter and the Croſier are the crutches,
Which if not truſted in their pious clutches,
Will fail the Cripple ſtate. And were't not pity
But both ſhould ſerve the yardwand of the City?
That *Iſaac* might ſtroak his beard, and ſit
Judge of *eis ἀδὲ* and *Elegerit*.
Oh that they were in chalk and charcoal drawn!
The Miſcelany ſatyr, and the fawn,
And all the adulteries of twiſted nature,
But faintly repreſent this ridling feature,
Whoſe members being not tallies, they'l not own
Their fellowes at the Reſurrection:
Strange ſcarlet Doctors theſe, they'l paſſe in ſtory
For ſinners half refin'd in Purgatory;
Or parboyl'd Lobſters, where there joyntly rules
The fading ſables, and the coming gules,
The flea that *Falſtaff* damn'd, thus lewdly ſhowes
Tormented in the flames of *Bardolphs* Noſe,
Like him that wore the Dialogue of Cloakes,
This ſhoulder *John-a-ſtiles*, that *John-a-Nokes*.
Like Jewes and Chriſtians in a ſhip together,
With an old Neck-verſe to diſtinguiſh either.
Like their intended Diſcipline to boot,
Or whatſoe're hath neither head nor foot:
Such may their ſtript-ſtuff-hangings ſeem to be,
Sacrilege matcht with Codpiece-ſymony:

Be ſick and dream a little, you may then
Phanſie theſe Linſie-Woolſie Veſtry men.
Forbear good *Pembroke*, be not over-daring,
Such company may chance to ſpoil thy ſwearing:
And theſe Drum-Major oaths of bulk unruly,
May dwindle to a feeble *By my truly*.
He that the Noble *Percies* bloud inherits.
Will he ſtrike up a *Hot-ſpur* of the ſpirits?
Hee'l fright the *Obadiah* out of tune,
With his uncircumciſed *Algernon*:
A name ſo ſtubborn 'tis not to be ſcan'd
By him in *Gath* with the ſix finger'd hand.
See, they obey the Magick of my words.
Preſto, they're gone, and now the Houſe of Lords
Looks like the wither'd face of an old hagg
But with three teeth, like to a triple gagg.
A Jig, a Jig, and in this antick dance
Fielding, and doxy *Marſhall* firſt advance,
Twiſſe blowes the Scotch pipes, and the loving brace
Puts on the traces, and treads cinque-a-pace.
Then *Say and Seal* muſt his old hamſtrings ſupple,
And he and rumpled *Palmer* makes a couple.
Palmer's a fruitfull girle, if hee'l unfold her,
The Midwife may find work about her ſhoulder,
Kimbolton that rebellious *Boanerges*,
Muſt be content to ſaddle Doctor *Burges*:
If *Burges* get a clap 'tis ne're the worſe,
But the fift time of his Compurgators.
Nol Bowls is coy, good ſadneſſe cannot dance,
But in obedience to the Ordinance.

Here

Here *Wharton* wheels about, till *Mumping Lidy*,
Like the full Moon, hath made his Lordſhip giddy,
Pym and the *Members* muſt their giblets levy,
T'incounter Madam *Smec* that ſingle Bevy.
If they two truck together, will not be
A Child-birth, but a Goal-delivery.
Thus every *Gibeline* hath got his *Guelph*,
But *Selden*, hee's a Galliard by himſelf,
And well may be, there's more Divines in him
Than in all this their Jewiſh *Sanhedrim*:
Whoſe Canons in the forge ſhall then bear date
When Mules their Coſin Germans generate.
Thus *Moſes* Law is violated now,
The Ox and Aſſe go yok'd in the ſame plough:
Reſign thy Coach-box *Twiſſe*; *Brook's* Preacher, he
Would ſort the beaſts with more conformity.
Water and earth make but one globe, a Round-head
Is Clergy-Lay *Party-per-pale* compounded.

The Kings Diſguiſe.

AND why a Tenant to this vile diſguiſe, (eyes?
Which who but ſees, blaſphemes thee with his
My twins of light within their penthouſe ſhrink;
And hold it their Allegiance now to wink.
Oh for a ſtate-diſtinction to arraign
Charles of high Treaſon 'gainſt my Soveraign.
What an uſurper to his Pince is wont,
Cloyſter and ſhave him, he himſelf hath don't.

His

His muffled feature ſpeaks him a recluſe,
His ruines prove him a religious houſe.
The Sun hath mew'd his beams from off his lamp,
And Majeſty defac'd the Royall ſtamp.
Is't not enough thy Dignities in thrall,
But thou'lt tranſmute it in thy ſhape and all?
As if thy Blacks were of too faint a die,
Without the tincture of Tautology.
Flay an Ægyptian for his Caſſock skin,
Spun of his Countries darkneſſe, line't with in
With Presbyterian budge, that drowſie trade,
The Synod ſable, foggy ignorance:
Nor bodily, nor ghoſtly Negro could
Rough-caſt thy figure in a ſadder mould:
This Privy-Chamber of thy ſhape would be
But the cloſe mourner of thy Royalty.
'Twill break the circle of thy Jaylors ſpell,
A Pearl within a rugged Oyſters ſhell.
Heaven, which the Minſter of thy perſon owns,
Will fine thee for Dilapidations:
Like to a martyr'd Abbeys courſer doom,
Devoutly alter'd to a Pidgeon room:
Or like the Colledge by the changeling rabble,
Manchesters Elves, transform'd into a ſtable.
Or if there be a prophanation higher,
Such is the ſacriledge of thine attire,
By which th'art half depos'd, thou look'ſt like one
Whoſe looks are under Sequeſtration.
Whoſe Renegado form, at the firſt glance,
Shewes like the ſelf-denying Ordinance.

Angel

Angell of light, and darkneſſe too, I doubt,
Inſpir'd within, and yet poſſeſs'd without:
Majeſtick twi-light in the ſtate of grace,
Yet with an excommunicated face.
Charles and his Mask are of a different mint,
A Pſalm of mercy in a miſcreant print.
The Sun wears mid-night, day is beetle-brow'd,
And lightning is in Kelder of a cloud:
Oh the accurſt Stenography of fate!
The Princely Eagle ſhrunk into a Bat.
What charm, what Magick vapour can it be,
That ſhrinks his raies to this Apoſtaſie?
It is no ſubtile film of tiffany air,
No cob-web vizard, ſuch as Ladies wear,
When they are veil'd on purpoſe to be ſeen,
Doubling their luſtre by their vanquiſh'd skreen:
Nor the falſe ſcabbard of a Princes tough
Mettall, and three pil'd darkneſſe, like the ſlough
Of an impriſoned flame, 'tis *Faux* in grain,
Dark Lanthorn to our high Meridian.
Hell belcht the damp, the *Warwick Caſtle*-Vote
Rang *Britaines* Curfeu, ſo our light went out.
Thy viſage is not legible, the letters,
Like a Lords name writ in phantaſtick fetters:
Cloaths where a Switzer might be buried quick,
Sure they would fit the body Politique.
Falſe beard enough to fit a ſtages plot,
For that's the ambuſh of their wit, God wot.
Nay all his properties ſo ſtrange appear,
Y' are not 'ith' preſence, though the King be there.

A

A Libell is his dreſſe, a garb uncouth,
Such as the *Hue* and *Cry* once purg'd at mouth.
Scribling aſſaſſinate, thy lines atteſt
An ear-mark due, Cub of the blatant beaſt,
Whoſe wrath before 'tis ſyllabled for worſe,
Is blaſphemy unfledg'd, a callow curſe.
The Laplanders, when they would ſell a wind
Wafting to hell, bag up thy phraſe, and bind
It to the barque, which at the voyage end
Shifts Poop, and breeds the Collick in the fiend.
But I'le not dub thee with a glorious ſcar,
Nor ſink thy Skullar with a man of War.
The black-mouth'd *Siquis*, and this ſlandering ſuit,
Both doe alike in picture execute.
But ſince we're all call'd Papiſts, why not date
Devotion to the rags thus conſecrate?
As Temples uſe to have their Porches wrought
With Sphynxes, creatures of an antick draught,
And puzling Pourtraitures, to ſhew that there
Riddles inhabited, the like is here.
But pardon Sir, ſince I preſume to be
Clark of this Cloſet to your Majeſty;
Me thinks in this your dark myſterious dreſs
I ſee the Goſpel coucht in parables.
At my next view, my pur-blind fancy ripes,
And ſhews Religion in it's dusky types.
Such a Text Royall, ſo obſcure a ſhade,
Was *Solomon* in Proverbs all array'd.
Come all the brats of this expounding age,
To whom the ſpirit is in pupillage;

You

You that damn more than ever *Sampſon* ſlew,
And with his engine, the ſame jaw-bone too:
How is't he ſcapes your Inquiſition free,
Since bound up in the Bibles livery?
Hence Cabinet-intruders, Pick-locks hence,
You that dim Jewels with your Briſtol-ſence:
And Characters, like Witches ſo torment,
Till they confeſſe a guilt, though innocent.
Keyes for this Coffer you can never get,
None but S. *Peter's* ope's this Cabinet.
This Cabinet, whoſe aſpect would benight
Critick ſpectators with redundant light.
A Prince moſt ſeen, is leaſt: What Scriptures call
The Revelation, is moſt myſticall.
Mount then thou ſhadow royall, and with haſt
Advance thy morning ſtar, *Charles*'s overcaſt.
May thy ſtrange journey contradictions twiſt,
And force fair weather from a ſcottiſh miſt:
Heav'ns Confeſſors are pos'd, thoſe ſtar-ey'd ſage
To interpret Eclipſe, thus riding ſtages.
Thus *Iſrael*-like, he travels with a cloud,
Both as a conduct to him, and a ſhroud.
But oh! he goes to *Gibeon*, and renewes
A league with mouldy bread, and clouted ſhooes.

The Rebell SCOT.

HOw! Providence! and yet a Scottiſh crew!
Then Madam nature wears black patches too
What

What? ſhall our Nation be in bondage thus
Unto a Land that truckles under us?
Ring the bells backward, I am all on fire,
Not all the buckets in a Countrey Quire
Shall quench my rage. A Poet ſhould be fear'd
When angry, like a Comets flaming beard.
And wher's the Stoick? can his wrath appeaſe
To ſee his Countrey ſick of *Pym's* diſeaſe
By Scotch invaſion, to be made a prey
To ſuch *Pig-wiggin Myrmidons* as they?
But that there's charm in verſe, I would not quote
The name of *Scot* without an antidote;
Unleſſe my head were red, that I might brew
Invention there that might be poyſon too.
Were I a drowſie Judge, whoſe diſmall note
Diſgorgeth halters as a Juglers throat
Doth ribbands: could I (in Sir Emp'ricks tone)
Speak Pills in phraſe, and quack deſtruction:
Or roar like *Marſhall*, that *Genevah* Bull,
Hell and damnation a pulpit full:
Yet to expreſſe a *Scot*, to play that prize,
Not all thoſe mouth-Granadoes can ſuffice.
Before a *Scot* can properly be curſt,
I muſt (like *Hocus*) ſwallow daggers firſt.
Come keen *Iambicks*, with your badgers feet,
And Badger-like, bite till your feet do meet.
Help ye tart Satyriſts to imp my rage,
With all the Scorpions that ſhould whip this age.
Scots are like Witches; do but whet your pen,
Scratch till the bloud come; they'l not hurt you then.

Now as the Martyrs were inforc'd to take
The ſhapes of beaſts, like hypocrites, at ſtake,
I'le bait my *Scot* ſo, yet not cheat your eyes,
A *Scot* within a beaſt is no diſguiſe.
No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmleſſe Nation
Foſters no Venom, ſince the *Scots* plantation:
Nor can ours feign'd antiquity maintain;
Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves again.
The *Scot* that kept the Tower, might have ſhown
(Within the grate of his own breſt alone)
The Leopard and the Panther, and ingroſt
What all thoſe wild Collegiats had coſt:
The honeſt high-ſhoes, in their termely fees
Firſt to the ſalvage Lawyer, next to theſe.
Nature her ſelf doth Scotch-men beaſts confeſſe,
Making their Countrey ſuch a wilderneſſe:
A Land that brings in queſtion and ſuſpenſe
Gods omni-preſence, but that *Charles* came thence.
But that *Montroſe* and *Crawfords* loyall band
Atton'd their ſins, and chriſt'ned half the Land;
Nor is it all the Nation hath theſe ſpots;
There is a Church, as well as *Kirk* of Scots:
As in a picture, where the ſquinting paint
Shews fiend on this ſide, and on that ſide ſaint:
He that ſaw hell in's melancholy dream,
And in the twi-light of his fancy's theam,
Scar'd from his ſins, repented in a fright,
Had he view'd *Scotland*, had turn'd Proſelite.
A Land, where one may pray with curſt intent,
O may they never ſuffer baniſhment!

Had

(doom,
Had *Cain* been *Scot*, God would have chang'd his
Not forc't him wander, but confin'd him home.
Like Jews they ſpread, and as infection fly,
As if the devill had Ubiquity.
Hence 'tis they live at Rovers, and defie
This or that place, rags of Geography.
They're Citizens o'th world; they're all in all,
Scotland's a Nation Epidemicall.
And yet they ramble not, to learn the mode
How to be dreſt, or how to liſp abroad;
To return knowing in the Spaniſh ſhrug,
Or which of the Dutch States a double Jug
Reſembles moſt, in belly, or in beard.
(The Card by which the Marriners are ſteer'd.)
No; the *Scots-Errant* fight, and fight to eat;
Their *Eſtrich-ſtomacks* make their *ſwords* their *meat*:
Nature with *Scots* as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,
Who uſe to hang their teeth upon their belt.
Yet wonder not at this their happy choiſe;
The Serpent's fatall ſtill to *Paradiſe*.
Sure *England* hath the Hemeroids, and theſe
On the North poſture of the patient ſeize,
Like Leeches, thus they phyſically thirſt
After our blond, but in the cure ſhall burſt.
Let them not think to make us run o'th ſcore,
To purchaſe villanage as once before,
When an Act paſs'd to ſtroak them on the head,
Call them good Subjects, buy them Ginger-bread.
Nor Gold, nor Acts of grace, 'tis Steel muſt tame
The ſtubborn *Scot*: a Prince that would reclaim

Rebels by yeelding, doth like him, (or worſe)
Who ſadled his own back, to ſhame his horſe.
Was it for this you left your leaner ſoil,
Thus to lard *Iſrael* with *Ægypts* ſpoil?
They are the Goſpels Life-guard, but for them
The Garriſon of new *Jeruſalem*,
What would the Brethren do? the cauſe! the cauſe!
Sack poſſets, and the fundamentall Lawes!
Lord! what a goodly thing is want of ſhirts!
How a Scotch-ſtomack, and no meat, converts!
They wanted food, and rayment; ſo they took
Religion for their Seamſtreſſe, and their Cook.
Unmask them well; their honours and eſtate,
As well as conſcience are ſophiſticate.
Shrive but their titles, and their money poize,
A Laird and twenty pounds pronounc'd with noiſe
When conſtru'd, but for a plain Yeoman go,
And a good ſober two-pence, and well ſo.
Hence then you proud Impoſters, get you gone,
You Picts in Gentry and devotion;
You ſcandall to the ſtock of Verſe, a race
Able to bring the Gibbet in diſgrace.
Hyperbolus by ſuffering did traduce
The Oſtraciſm, and ſham'd it out of uſe.
The Indian, that heaven did forſwear,
Becauſe he heard the Spaniards were there,
Had he but known what *Scots* in hell had been,
He would *Erâſmus*-like have hung between:
My Muſe hath done. A Voider for the nonce;
Wrong the divell, ſhould I pick their bones.

That diſh is his; for when the *Scots* deceaſe,
Hell, like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.
A Scot, when from the Gallow-tree got looſe,
Drops into *Styx*, and turnes a Solun-Gooſe.

The Scots Apoſtaſie.

IS't come to this? what ſhall the cheeks of Fame,
Stretcht with the breath of learned *Lowdons* name,
Be flag'd again? and that great piece of ſence,
As rich in Loyalty, and Eloquence,
Brought to the Teſt, be found a trick of State?
Like Chymiſts tinctures, prov'd adulterate?
The devill ſure ſuch language did atchieve,
To cheat our un-fore-warned Grandam *Eve*,
As this impoſture found out, to beſot
Th' experienc'd *Engliſh*, to believe a *Scot*:
Who reconcil'd the Covenants doubtfull ſence?
The Commons argument, or the Cities pence?
Or did you doubt perſiſtance in one good
Would ſpoil the fabrick of your brotherhood,
Projected firſt in ſuch a forge of ſin,
Was fit for the grand divels hammering?
Or was't ambition, that this damned fact
Should tell the world you know the ſins you act?
The infamy this ſuper-treaſon brings
Blaſts more than murders of *your ſixty Kings*,
A crime ſo black, as being advis'dly done,
Thoſe hold with this no competition.

Kings onely ſuffer'd then, in this doth lie
Th' Aſſaſination of *Monarchy*.
Beyond this ſin no one ſtep can be trod,
If not t'attempt depoſing of your God.
Oh were you ſo ingag'd, that we might ſee
Heavens angry lightning 'bout your eares to flee,
Till you were ſhrivel'd to duſt; and your cold Land
Parcht to a drought beyond the *Lybian* ſand!
But 'tis reſerv'd, till heaven plague you worſe,
Be Objects of an Epidemick curſe.
Firſt, may your brethren, to whoſe viler ends
Your power hath bauded, ceaſe to count you friends,
And prompted by the dictate of their reaſon,
Reproach the *Traytors*, though they hug the *Treaſon*.
And may their jealouſies increaſe and breed,
Till they confine your ſteps beyond the *Tweed*:
In forraign Nations may your loath'd name be
A ſtigmatizing brand of infamy;
Till forc'd by generall hate, you ceaſe to rome
The world, and for a plague to live at home:
Till you reſume your poverty, and be
Reduc'd to beg, where none can be ſo free
To grant; and may your ſcabby Land be all
Tranſlated to a generall Hoſpitall.
Let not the Sun afford one gentle ray,
To give you comfort of a ſummers day;
But, as a guerdon for your trayterous war,
Live cheriſh'd onely by the Northern ſtar,
No ſtranger deign to viſit your rude coaſt,
And be to all but baniſht men, as loſt.

And

And ſuch in heightning of the infliction due,
Let provok'd Princes ſend them all to you.
Your State a Chaos be, where not the Law,
But Power, your lives and liberties may aw.
No Subject 'mongſt you keep a quiet breſt,
But each man ſtrive through bloud to be the beſt;
Till, for thoſe miſeries on us you've brought,
By your own ſword our juſt revenge be wrought.
To ſum up all--- let your *Religion* be,
As your *Allegiance*, mask'd hypocriſie:
Untill, when *Charles* ſhall be compos'd in duſt,
Perfum'd with Epithetes of *good* and *juſt*;
HE ſav'd, incenſed heaven may have forgot
T' afford one act of mercy to a *Scot*,
Unleſſe that *Soot* deny himſelf, and do
(What's eaſier far) renounce his *Nation* too.

Rupertiſmus.

O That I could but vote my ſelf a Poet!
Or had the Legiſlative knack to do it!
Or like the Doctors militant, could get
Dub'd at adventurers Verſer Banneret!
Or had I *Cacus* trick to make my rimes
Their own Antipodes, and track the times:
Faces about, ſaies the *Remonſtrant* ſpirit,
Allegiance is Malignant, Treaſon Merit:
Huntington colt, that pos'd the ſage Recorder
Might be a ſturgeon now, and paſſe by Order.

Had I but *Elsings* gift (that splay-mouth'd brother)
That declares one way, and yet meanes another;
Could I but right a-squint; then (Sir) long since
You had been sung, *A great and glorious Prince.*
I had observ'd the language of the dayes;
Blasphem'd you, and then periwig'd the phrase
With humble service, and such other Fustian,
Bells which ring backward in this great combustion.
I had revil'd you, and without offence,
The Literall, and *Equitable Sence*
Would make it good: when all fails that will do't;
Sure that distinction cleft the devils foot.
This were my Dialect, would your highnesse please
To read me but with Hebrew spectacles;
Interpret Counter, what is crosse rehears'd:
Libels are commendations when revers'd.
Just as an Optique glasse contracts the sight
At one end, but when turn'd doth multiply't.
But you're inchanted, Sir, your doubly free
From the great guns, and squibbing Poetry:
Who neither *Bilbo*, nor invention pierces,
Proof even 'gainst th' artillery of Verses.
Strange! that the Muses cannot wound your Mail;
If not their art, yet let their sex prevail.
At that known Leaguer, where the bonny *Besses*
Suppli'd the bow-strings with their twisted tresses.
Your spels could ne're have fenc'd you: ev'ry arrow
Had lanc'd your noble brest, and drunk the marrow:
For beauty like white powder makes no noise;
And yet the silent hypocrite destroyes.

Then

Then uſe the Nuns of *H. licon* with pity,
Leſt *Wharton* tell his Goſſips of the City,
That you kill women too; nay maids, and ſuch
Their *Generall* wants *Militia* to touch.
Impotent *Eſſex* is it not a ſhame
Our Common-wealth, like to a *Turkiſh Dame*,
Should have an *Eunuch*-Guardian? may ſhe be
Raviſh'd by *Charles*, rather than ſav'd by thee.
But why, my Muſe, like a green-ſickneſs Girl,
Feed'ſt thou on coals and dirt, a gelding Earl
Gives no more reliſh to thy female palat,
Than to that Aſſe did once the thiſtle-ſallat.
Then quit the barren theme; and all at once
Thou and thy ſiſters like bright *Amazons*,
Give *Rupert* an alarum, *Rupert*! one
Whoſe name is wits Superfœtation.
Makes fancy, like eternities round womb,
Unite all valour, preſent, paſt, to come.
He, who the old Philoſophy controuls,
That voted down plurality of ſouls,
He breaths a grand Committee, all that were
The wonders of their age, conſtellate here.
And as the elder ſiſters growth and ſence
(Souls paramount themſelves) in man commence
But faculty of reaſons Queen, no more
Are they to him, who were compleat before;
Ingredients of his vertue thred the beads
Of *Cæſars* acts, great *Pompeys*, and the Sweeds:
And 'tis a bracelet fit for *Ruperts* hand,
By which that vaſt triumvirate is ſpan'd,

Here,

Here, here is Palmestry; here you may read
How long the world shall live, and when't shal bleed.
Whatever man winds up, that *Rupert* hath:
For nature rais'd him of the *Publike Faith*,
Pandora's brother, to make up whose store,
The Gods were fain to run upon the score.
Such was the Painters Brieve for *Venus* face;
Item an eye for *Jane*, a lip from *Grace*.
Let *Isaac* and his Cit'z flea of the place
That tips their Antlets for the calf of Stace;
Let the zeal twanging nose that wants a ridge,
Snuffling devoutly, drop his silver bridge:
Yes, and the gossipe spoon augment the sum,
Although poor *Galeb* lose his Christendome;
Rupert out weighs that in his sterling self,
Which their self-wants paies in commuting pelf.
Pardon, great Sir; for that ignoble crew
Gaines, when made bankrupt in the scales with you.
As he whom in his character of light
Stil'd it *Gods shadow*, made it far more bright
By an Eclipse so glorious, (light is dim
And a black nothing when compar'd to him:)
So 'tis illustrious to be *Ruperts* foil,
And a just trophee to be made his spoil:
I'le pin my faith on the *Diurnals* sleeve
Hereafter, and the *Guild-Hall* Creed believe.
The Conquests which the Common-Councel hears
With their wide list'ning mouth from the great
That ran away in triumph: such a foe (Peers
Can make them victors in their overthrow.

Where

Where providence and valour meet in one,
Courage ſo poiz'd with circumſpection,
That he revives the quarrell once again
Of the ſouls throne, whether in heart or brain:
And leaves it a drawn match: whoſe fervor can
Hatch him, whom Nature poach'd but half a man.
His trumpet, like the Angels at the laſt,
Makes the ſoul riſe by a miraculous blaſt.
'Twas the Mount *Athos* carv'd in ſhape of man
(As't was defin'd by th' *Macedonian*)
Whoſe right hand ſhould a populous Land contain,
The left ſhould be a channel to the main:
His ſpirit might inform th' amphibious figure,
Yet ſtraight-lac'd ſweats for a Dominion bigger:
The terrour of whoſe name can out of ſeven
(Like *Falſtaffe*'s Buckram-men) make fly eleven.
Thus ſome grow rich by breaking; Vipers thus
By being ſlain, are made more numerous.
No wonder they'l confeſſe no loſſe of men;
For *Rupert* knocks'em, till they gig agen.
They fear the giblets of his train, they fear
Even his Dog, that four leg'd *Cavalier*:
He that devours the ſcraps, which *Lundsford* makes,
Whoſe picture feeds upon a child in ſtakes:
Who name but *Charles*, he comes aloft for him,
But holds up his Malignant leg at *Pym*.
'Gainſt whom they have ſeverall Articles in ſouſe;
Firſt that he barks againſt the ſenſe o'th Houſe.
Reſolv'd Delinquent, to the Tower ſtraight,
Either to th' Lions, or the Biſhops Grate:

Next,

Next, for his ceremonious wag o'th tail,
But there the ſiſterhood will be his bail,
At leaſt the Counteſſe will, *Luſt's Amſterdam*,
That lets in all religious of the game.
Thirdly, he ſmells intelligence, that's better,
And cheaper too, then *Pym's* from his own Letter:
Who's doubly paid (fortune, or we the blinder?)
For making plots, and then for Fox the finder.
Laſtly, he is a devill without doubt;
For when he would lie down, he wheels about;
Makes circles, and is couchant in a ring,
And therefore ſcore up one for conjuring. (ter!
What canſt thou ſay, thou wretch? O Quarter, quar-
I'me but an inſtrument, a meer S. *Arthur*.
If I muſt hang, O let not our fates vary;
Whoſe office 'tis alike, to fetch and carry.
No hopes of a reprieve, the mutinous ſtir
That ſtrung the Jeſuite, will diſpatch a cur.
Were I a devill, as the Rebell fears,
I ſee the Houſe would try me by my Peers.
There *Jowler*, there! ah *Jowler*! 'ſt 'tis nought,
What a're the accuſers cry, they're at a fault;
And *Glyn*, and *Maynard* have no more to ſay,
Than when the glorious *Strafford* ſtood at Bay.
Thus Labels but annext to him we ſee,
Enjoy a copyhold of victory.
S. *Peters* ſhadow heal'd; *Ruperts* is ſuch:
'Twould find S. *Peters* work, yet wound as much:
He gags their guns, defeats their dire intent,
The Canons do but liſp and complement.

Sure

Sure *Jove* deſcended in a leaden ſhower
To get this *Perſeus*: hence the fatall power
Of ſhot is ſtrangled: bullets thus alli'd,
Fear to commit an act of Parricide.
Go on brave Prince, and make the world confeſſe,
Thou art the greater world, and that the leſſe.
Scatter th' accumulative King, untruſſe
That five-fold fiend, the States *Smectymnuus*;
Who place Religion in their Vellam-ears,
As in their Phylacters the Jews did theirs.
England's a Paradiſe (and a modeſt Word)
Since guarded by a Cherubs flaming ſword.
Your name can ſcare an Atheiſt to his prayers;
And cure the Chin-cough better than the bears.
Old *Sybill* charms the Tooth-ach with you: *Nurſe*
Makes you ſtill children; and the pondrous curſe
The clowns ſalute with, is deriv'd from you,
(*Now* Rupert *take thee*, *Rogue*; *how doſt thou do*?)
In fine, the name of *Rupert* thunders ſo,
Kimbolton's but a rumbling Wheel-barrow.

Epitaph On the Earle of STRAFFORD.

HEre lies wiſe and valiant duſt,
Huddled up 'twixt fit and juſt:
Strafford, who was hurried hence
'Twixt treaſon and convenience.

He

He ſpent his time here in a miſt,
A *Papiſt*, yet a *Calviniſt*.
His Prince's neareſt Joy and Grief,
He had, yet wanted all relief:
The Prop and Ruine of the State,
The peoples violent love and hate.
One in extreams lov'd and abhord.
Riddles lie here, or in a word,
Here lies bloud, and let it lie
Speechleſſe ſtill, and never cry.

Epitaphium *Thomæ* Comitis *Straffordii*, *&c.*

EXurge Cinis, tuumq; ſolus qui potis es ſcribe Epitaphium:
Nequit Wentworthi *non eſſe facundus vel Cinis.*
Effare Marmor: & quem cœpiſti comprehendere,
Macte & Exprimere.
Candidius meretur urna quàm quod rubris
Notatum eſt literis Elogium.
Atlas *Regiminis Monarchici hic jacet laſſus:*
Secunda Orbis Britannici *intelligentiæ:*
Rex Politiæ, & Prorex Hiberniæ,
Straffordii, *& Virtutum, Comes:*
Mens Jovis, Mercurii *ingenium, & lingua* Apollinis:
Cui Anglia Hiberniam *debuit, ſeipſam* Hibernia.
Sydus Aquilonicum; quo ſub rubicundâ veſpere occidente,
Nox ſimul & dies viſa eſt: dextróque oculo flevit,
Lævóque lætata eſt Anglia.
Theatrum Honoris, itemque Scena calamitoſa Virtutis
Actoribus, morbo, morte, & invidiâ,
Quæ ternis animoſa Regnis non vicit tamen,
Sed oppreſſit.

Hic

Sic inclinavit Heros (non minus) Caput
Belluæ (vel sic) multorum Capitum:
Merces favoris Scotici, præter pecunias:
Erubuit ut tetigit securis,
Similem quippe nunquam degustavit sanguinem.
Monstrum nostro: fuit tam infensus Legibus,
Ut prius Legem quàm nata foret, violavit:
Hunc tamen non sustulit Lex
Verùm Necessitas, non habens Legem.
Abi Viator, cætera memorabunt posteri.

On the Arch-Bishop of CANTERBURY.

I Need no Muse to give my passion vent,
He brews his tears that studies to lament.
Verse chimically weeps, that pious rain
Distill'd with art, is but the sweat o'th brain.
Who ever sob'd in numbers? can a groan
Be quaver'd out by soft division?
'Tis true, for common formall Elegies,
Not *Bushels* Wells can match a Poets eyes:
In wanton water-works hee'l tune his tears
From a *Geneva* Jig up to the sphears.
But when he mourns at distance, weeps aloof,
Now that the Conduit head is our own roof,
Now that the fate is publick, we may call
It *Britains* Vespers, *Englands* Funerall.
Who hath a Pensill to expresse the saint,
But he hath eyes too, washing off the paint?

There

There is no learning but what [illegible] ſurround,
Like to *Seths* Pillars in the Deluge drown'd.
There is no Church, Religion is grown
From much of late, that ſhe's increaſt to none:
Like an Hydropick body full of Rhewmes.
Firſt ſwells into a bubble, then conſumes.
The Law is dead, or caſt into a trance,
And by a Law- dough-bak'd, an Ordinance.
The *Liturgy*, whoſe doom was voted next,
Died as a Comment upon him the text.
There's nothing lives: life is ſince he is gone,
But a Nocturnall Lucubration.
Thus you have ſeen deaths inventory read
In the ſum totall--- *Canterburie's dead.*
A ſight would make a Pagan to baptize
Himſelf a Convert in his bleeding eyes.
Would thaw the rabble, that fierce beaſt of ours,
(That which *Hyena* like weeps and devours)
Tears that flow blackiſh from their ſouls within,
Not to repent, but pickle up their ſin.
Mean time no ſqualid grief his look defiles,
He guilds his ſadder fate with noble ſmiles.
Thus the worlds eye with reconciled ſtreams
Shines in his ſhowers, as if he wept his beams.
How could ſucceſſe ſuch villanies applaud?
The State in *Strafford* fell, the Church in *Laud*:
The twins of publike rage, adjudg'd to die,
For treaſons they ſhould act, by Prophecie.
The Facts were done before the Laws were made,
The trump turn'd up after the game was plaid.

He

Be dull great ſpirits, and forbear to climb,
For worth is ſin, and eminence a crime.
No Church-man can be innocent and high,
'Tis height makes *Grantham* ſteeple ſtand awry.

On *I. W.* A. B. of *York*.

SAy, my young Sophiſter, what think'ſt of this?
Chimera's reall; *Ergo falleris.*
The Lamb and Tyger, Fox and Gooſe agree,
And here concorp'rate in one Prodigie.
Call an *Haruſpex* quickly; let him get
Sulphur and Torches, and a Lawrell wet,
To purifie the place, for ſure the harms
This Monſter will produce, tranſcend his charms.
'Tis Natures Maſter-piece of errour, this;
And redeems whatever ſhe did amiſſe
Before, from wonder and reproach, this laſt
Legitimateth all her by-blows paſt.
Loe here a generall Metropolitan,
An arch-Prelatique Presbyterian,
Behold his pious Garbs, Canonick face,
A zealous *Epiſcopo-maſtix* Grace;
A fair blew-apron'd Prieſt, a Lawn-ſleev'd brother,
One Leg a Pulpet holds, a tub the other.
Let's give him a fit name now, if we can,
And make th' Apoſtate once more Chriſtian.
Proteus we cannot call him; he put on
His change of ſhapes by a ſucceſſion;

Nor the *Welch Weather-cock*; for that we find,
At once doth onely wait upon the wind:
Theſe ſpeak him not, but if you'l name him right,
Call him *Religous Hermaphrodite.*
His head i'th ſanctified mould is caſt,
Yet ſticks th' abominable Miter faſt,
He ſtill retains the *Lordſhip* and the *Grace*,
And yet hath got a reverend Elders place.
Such acts muſt needs be his, who did deviſe
By crying Altars down to ſacrifice
To private malice; where you might have ſeen
His conſcience holocauſted to his ſpleen.
Unhappy Church! the Viper that did ſhare
Thy greateſt honours, helps to make thee bare,
And void of all thy dignities and ſtore;
Alas! thine own ſon proves the forreſt-boar;
And like the Dam-deſtroying Cuckow he,
When the thick ſhell of his Welſh pedigree,
By thy warm foſt'ring bounty did divide
And open, ſtraight thence ſprung forth parricide:
As if 'twas juſt revenge ſhould be diſpatcht
In thee, by th' Monſter which thy ſelf hadſt hatcht.
Deſpair not though, in *Wales* there may be got,
As well as *Lincolnſhire* an antidote,
'Gainſt the foul'ſt venom he can ſpit, though's head
Were chang'd from ſubtill gray to poys'nous red.
Heaven with propitious eyes will look upon
Our party, now the curſed thing is gone;
And chaſtiſe Rebels, who nought elſe did miſſe
To fill the meaſure of their ſins, but his;

Whoſe

Whoſe foul imparallel'd apoſtaſie,
Like to his ſacred character ſhall be
Indelible, when ages then of late
More happy grown with moſt impartiall fate,
A period to his dayes and time ſhall give,
He by ſuch Epitaphs as this ſhall live.

Here Yorks *great* Metropolitan *is laid,*
Who Gods Annointed, *and his* Church *betraid.*

Mark Anthony.

WHen as the Nightingale chanted her Veſpers,
And the wild Forreſter couch'd on the ground,
Venus invited me in the evening whiſpers,
Unto a fragrant field with Roſes crown'd:
Where ſhe before had ſent
My wiſhes complement,
Unto my hearts content,
Plaid with me on the Green,
Never Mark Anthony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Ægyptian Queen.

Firſt on her cherry cheeks I mine eyes feaſted,
Thence fear of ſurfetting made me retire:

Next on her warm lips, which when I tasted,
My duller spirits made active as fire.
Then we began to dart
Each at anothers heart,
Arrows that knew no smart:
Sweet lips and smiles between.
Never Mark, &c.

Wanting a glasse to plate her amber tresses,
Which like a bracelet rich decked mine arm,
Gawdier than *Juno* wears when as she graces
Jove with imbraces more stately than warm.
Then did she peep in mine
Eyes humour Christaline;
I in her eyes was seen,
As if we one had been.
Never Mark, &c.

Mysticall Grammar of amorous glances,
Feeling of Pulses the Physick of Love,
Rhetoricall courtings, and Musicall dances;
Numbring of kisses Arithmetick prove.
Eyes like Astronomy,
Streight limb'd Geometry:
In her hearts ingeny
Our wits are sharp and keen.
Never Mark Anthony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Ægyptian Queen.

The Authors Mock-Song to MARK ANTHONY.

WHen as the Night-raven ſung Pluto's Mattins:
And *Cerberus* cried three Amens at a houl,
When night-wandring Witches put on their pattins,
Mid-night as dark as their faces are foul:
Then did the furies doom
That the Night-mare was come;
Such a miſ-ſhapen Groom
Puts down *Su. Pomfret* clean.
Never did Incubus
Touch ſuch a filthy Sus,
As this foul Gypſie Quean:

Firſt on her goosberry cheeks I mine eyes blaſted,
Thence fear of vomiting made me retire:
Unto her blewer lips, which when I taſted,
My ſpirits were duller than Dun in the mire.
But then her breath took place,
Which went an Uſhers pace,
And made way for her face;
You may gueſſe what I mean.
Never did Incubus
Touch ſuch a filthy Sus,
As this foul Gypſie Quean.

ike ſnakes ingendring were plated her treſſes,
Or like ſlimy ſtreaks of ropy ale;

Uglier than Envy wears, when she confesses
Her head is periwig'd with adders tail.
But as soon as she spake,
I heard a harsh Mandrake:
Laugh not at my mistake,
Her head is Epicœne.
Never did, &c.

Mysticall Magick of conjuring wrinckles,
Feeling of pulses, the Palmestry of Hags,
Scolding out belches for *Rhetorick* twinkles
With three teeth in her head like to three gags.
Rainbows about her eyes,
And her nose weather-wise,
From them th' Almanack lies,
Frost, *Pond*, and *Rivers* clean.
Never did, &c.

How the COMMENCEMENT growes new.

IT is no *Curranto*-news I undertake,
New teacher of the Town I mean not to make,
No *New-England* voyage my muse does intend,
No new fleet, no bold fleet, nor bonny fleet send,
But if you'l be pleas'd to hear but this ditty
I'le tell you some news as true and as witty;
And how the Commencement grows new.

See how the Symony Doctors abound,
All crowding to throw away forty pound,
They'l now in their wives ſtammell petticoats vaper,
Without any need of an argument draper,
Beholding to none, he neither beſeeches,
This friend for Ven'ſon, nor tother for ſpeeches.
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

Every twice a day teaching Gaffer
Brings up his Eaſter book to chaffer,
Nay ſome take degrees who never had ſteeple,
Whoſe meanes like degrees comes from places of (people,
They come to the fair, and at the firſt pluck,
The Toll-man *Barnaby* ſtrikes 'um good luck.
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

The Countrey parſons come not up
On Tueſday night in their old Colledge to ſup,
Their bellies and table-books equally full,
The next Lecture dinner their notes forth to pull;
How bravely the *Margeret* Profeſſor diſputed,
The Homilies urg'd, and the ſchool-men confuted.
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

The Inceptor brings not his father, the clown,
To look with his mouth at his Grogoram gown,
With like admiration to eat roſted beef,
Which invention pos'd his beyond-Trent-belief:
Who ſhould he but hear our Organs once ſound,
Could ſcarce keep his hoof from Sallingers round.
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

The Gentleman comes not to ſhew us his ſatin,(tin,
To look with ſome judgement at him that ſpeaks lat-
To be angry with him that makes not his cloaths,
To anſwer O Lord Sir, and talk play books oaths,
And at the next Bear-baiting full (of his ſack)
To tell his Comrades our diſciplin's ſlack.
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

We have no Prevaricators wit,
Ay marry Sir, when have we had any yet?
Beſides no ſerious Oxford men comes.
To cry down the uſe of Jeſting and Hums.
Our ballad, believ't, is no ſtranger than true,
Mum Salter is ſober, and *Jack Martin* too
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

I. C.

The Hue and Cry after Sir JOHN PRESBYTER.

WIth hair in Characters, and Lugs in text;
With a ſplay mouth, and a noſe circumflext,
With a ſet Ruffe of Musket bore, that wears
Like Cartrages, or linnen Bandileers,
Exhauſted of their ſulphurous contents,
In Pulpit fire-works, which that Bomball vents;
The *Negative* and *covenanting* Oath,
Like two Muſtachoes, iſſuing from his mouth;

The

The Bush upon his chin, (like a carv'd story,
In a box knot) cut by the *Directory*;
Madams Confession hanging at his ear, (*Where*:
Wire-drawn through all the questions, *How* and
Each circumstance, so in the hearing felt,
That when his ears are crop't he'l count them gelt;
The weeping Cassock scar'd into a Jump,
A sign the *Presbyter's* worn to the stump:
The *Presbyter*, though charm'd against mischance
With the *Divine right* of an *Ordinance*.
If you meet any that doe thus attire 'em,
Stop them, they are the tribe of Adoniram.
What zealous frenzie did the *Senate* seize,
That tare the *Rotchet* to such rags as these?
Episcopacy minc'd, reforming *Tweed*
Hath sent us *Runts*, even of her Churches breed;
Lay-interlining *Clergy*, a device
That's nick-name to the stuff call'd *Lops* and *Lice*.
The Beast at wrong end branded, you may trace
The divels foot-steps in his cloven face.
A face of severall Parishes and sorts,
Like to a Sergeant shav'd at Innes of Court.
What mean the Elders else, those Kirk Dragoons,
Made up of *Ears* and *Ruffs* like *Ducatons*?
That *Hierarchy* of *Handicrafts* begun?
Those new *Exchange men* of *Religion*?
Sure they're the *Antick heads*, which plac'd without
The Church, do gape and disembogue a spout:
Like them above the *Commons House* have been
So long without, now both are gotten in;

Then,

Then, what Imperious in the Biſhop ſounds,
The ſame the Scotch Executor rebounds.
This ſtating *Prelacy*, the *claſſick* rout,
That ſpake it often, e're it ſpake it out;
So by an Abbies ſcheleton of late,
I heard an eccho ſupererrogate
Through imperfection, and the voice reſtore,
As if ſhe had the hiccop o're and o're.
Since they our mixt Dioceſans combine
Thus to ride double in their Diſcipline,
That Pauls *ſhall to the* Conſiſtory *call*
A Dean *and* Chapter *out of* Weavers-Hall:
Each at the Ordinance for to aſſiſt
With the five thumbs *of his* great-changing *fiſt.*
Down Dagon Synod *with thy motley ware,*
Whilſt we do ſwagger for the Common-Prayer,
That Dove-like Embaſſie, that wings our ſence
To heavens gate in ſhape of innocence.
Pray for the Miter'd Authors, and defie
Theſe Demicaſters *of Divinity.*
For where Sir John *with* Jack-*of-all-trades joynes,*
His Finger's thicker than the Prelat's *Loynes.*

The Antiplatonick.

FOr ſhame, thou everlaſting Woer,
Still ſaying grace, and never falling to her!
Love that's in contemplation plac't,
Is *Venus* drawn but to the waſt.

Unleſſe

Unleſſe your flame confeſſe it's gender,
And your Parley cauſe ſurrender
Y' are Salamanders of a cold deſire,
That live untoucht amid the hotteſt fire.

What though ſhe be a Dame of ſtone
The Widow of *Pigmalion*;
As hard and un-relenting ſhe,
As the new-cruſted *Niobe*;
Or what doth more of ſtatue carry,
A Nunne of the Platonick Quarry?
Love melts the rigour which the rocks have bred,
A flint will break upon a Feather-bed.

For ſhame you pretty Female Elves,
Ceaſe for to candy up your ſelves:
No more, you ſectaries of the Game,
No more of your calcining flame.
Women commence by *Cupids* Dart,
As a King hunting dubs a Hart,
Loves votaries inthrall each others ſoul,
Till both of them live but upon Paroll.

Vertue's no more in Woman-kind
But the green ſickneſſe of the mind.
Philoſophy, their new delight,
A kind of Char-coal appetite.
There's no Sophiſtry prevails,
Where all-convincing love aſſails;

But the diſputing petticoat will warp,
As skilfull gameſters are to ſeek at ſharp.

The ſouldier, that man of iron,
Whom ribs of *Horror* all inviron;
That's ſtrung with Wire, inſtead of Veins,
In whoſe embraces you're in chains,
Let a Magnetick girl appear,
Straight he turns *Cupids* Cuiraſeer.
Love ſtorms his lips, and takes the Fortreſſe in,
For all the Briſled Turn-pikes of his chin.

Since Loves Artillery then checks
The breaſt-works of the firmeſt ſex,
Come let's in affections riot,
Th' are ſickly pleaſures keep a Diet:
Give me a lover bold and free,
Not Eunucht with formality;
Like an Embaſſador that beds a Queen
With the nice Caution of a ſword between.

FUSCARA, or the BEE Errant.

NAtures confectioner, the *Bee*,
Whoſe ſuckets are moyſt *Alchimie*,
The ſtill of his refining mould,
Minting the Garden into gold;

Having

Having rifled all the fields
Of what dainties *Flora* yeilds,
Ambitious now to take Exciſe,
Of a more fragrant Paradiſe,
At my *Fuſcara's* ſleeve arriv'd,
Where all delicious ſweets are hiv'd.
The ayrie Free-booter diſtreins
Firſt on the Violets of her Veins,
Whoſe tincture could it be more pure,
His ravenous kiſſe had made it bluer:
Here did he ſit, and Eſſence quaff,
Till her coy Pulſe had beat him off.
That Pulſe, which he that feels may know
Whether the World's long-liv'd or no.
The next he preys on is her Palm,
That Alm'ner of tranſpiring Balm;
So ſoft, 'tis air but once remov'd,
Tender as 'twere a Jelly glov'd,
Here while his canting drone-pipe ſcan'd
The myſtick figures of her hand,
He tipples Palmeſtry, and dives
On all her fortune telling lives.
He baths in bliſſe, and finds no odds
Betwixt the Nectar and the Gods.
He perches now upon her wriſt,
A proper hawk for ſuch a fiſt,
Making that fleſh his bill of fare
Which hungry Cannibals would ſpare.
Where Lillies in a lovely brown
Inoculate Carnation.

He *Argent* skin with *Or* ſo ſtream'd
As if the milky way were cream'd.
From hence he to the wood-bine bends
That quivers at her fingers ends,
That runs diviſion on the tree
Like a thick branching pedegree.
So 'tis not her the Bee devoures,
It is a pretty maze of flowers,
It is the roſe that bleeds when he
Nibbles his nice Phlebotomy.
About her finger he doth cling
I'th' faſhion of a wedding ring,
And bids his Comrades of the ſwarm
Crawl as a bracelet 'bout her arm,
Thus when the hovering Publican
Had ſuck'd the Toll of all her ſpan,
Tuning his draughts with drowſie hums,
As *Danes* carowſe by Kettle-drums,
It was decreed that poſie glean'd,
The ſmall familiar ſhould be wean'd:
At this the Errants courage quails,
Yet aided by his native ſails,
The bold *Columbus* ſtill deſigns
To find her undiſcovered mines:
To th' *Indies* of her arm he flies
Fraught both with Eaſt and Weſtern prize,
Which when he had in vain aſſaid,
Arm'd like a dapper Lance-preſade
With *Spaniſh* pike, he broacht a pore,
And ſo both made and heal'd the ſore:

For

For as in Gummy trees there's found
A ſalve to iſſue at the wound.
Of this her breach the like was true,
Hence trickled out a balſom too:
But oh! what Waſp was't that could prove
Ratillias to my *Queen of Love*?
The King of Bees now's jealous grown,
Leſt her beams ſhould melt his throne:
And finding that his tribute ſlacks,
His Burgeſſes, and State of Wax
Turn'd to an Hoſpitall, the combs
Built rank and file like Beads-mens rooms,
And what they bleed but tart and ſowre,
Matcht with my *Danaes* golden ſhowre,
Live-Hony all, the envious elfe
Stung her, cauſe ſweeter than himſelf.
Sweetneſſe and ſhe are ſo ally'd,
The *Bee* committed parricide.

An ELEGIE upon DOCTOR CHADERTON, the firſt Maſter of *Emanuel* Colledge in *Cambridge*, being above an hundred yeares old when he died.

Occaſioned by his long deferred FUNERALL.

PArdon (dear Saint) that we ſo late,
With lazy ſighs bemoan thy fate;

And

And with an after-ſhowre of verſe,
And tears, we thus bedew thy herſe:
Till now (alas) we did not weep,
Becauſe we thought thou didſt but ſleep:
Thou liv'dſt ſo long, we did not know,
Whether thou couldſt now die or no:
We look'd ſtill, when thou ſhouldſt ariſe
And o'pe the caſements of thine eyes:
Thy feet, which have been us'd ſo long
To walk, we thought muſt ſtill go on;
Thine eares after an hundred year,
Might now plead cuſtome for to hear:
Upon thy head that reverend ſnow,
Did dwell ſome fifty yeares ago,
And then thy cheeks did ſeem to have
The ſad reſemblance of a grave.
Wert thou e're young? for truth I hold,
And do believe thou wert born old;
There's none alive I'm ſure can ſay
They knew thee young, but alwayes gray:
And doſt thou now venerable Oak
Decline at deaths unhappy ſtroak?
Tell me (dear ſon) why didſt thou die,
And leave's to write an Elegy?
We're young (alas) and know thee not:
Send up old *Abram* and grave *Lot*,
Let them write thy Epitaph, and tell
The world thy worth, they kend thee well:
When they were boyes they heard thee preach,
And thought an Angell did them teach.

Awake

Awake them then, and let them come,
And ſcore thy vertues on thy tomb,
That we at thoſe may wonder more,
Than at thy many yeares before.

MARIES SPIKE-NARD.

SHall I preſume
Without *Perfume*
My *Chriſt* to meet
That is *all ſweet* ?

No, I'le make moſt pleaſant poſies,
Catch the *breath of new blown Roſes*,
Top the pretty merry flowers;
Which *laugh* in the *faireſt bowers*,
Whoſe *ſweetneſſe* Heaven likes ſo well,
It *ſtoops* each morn to take a ſmell.
Then I'le fetch from the *Phœnix* neſt
The *richeſt Spices*, and the *beſt*,
Precious Ointments I will make,
Holy Myrrh and *Aloes* take;
Yea, *coſtly Spikenard*, in whoſe ſmell
The *ſweetneſs* of *all Odours dwell*.
I'le get a *box* to keep it in,
Pure, as his *alabaſter skin*,

And then to him I'le *nimbly* fly
Before *one fickly minute dye*:
This *box* I'le *break*, and on *his head*
This precious Ointment will I ſpread,
Till ev'ry lock, and ev'ry hair
For ſweetneſſe with his breath compare:
But ſure the odour of his skin
Smells ſweeter than the ſpice I bring.
Then with bended knee I'le greet
His holy and beloved feet;
I'le waſh them with a weeping eye,
And then my lips ſhall kiſſe them dry;
Or for a towell he ſhall have
My hair, ſuch flax as nature gave.
But if my wanton locks be bold,
And on thy ſacred feet take hold,
And curle themſelves about, as though
They were loath for to let thee go,
O chide them not, and bid away,
For then for grief they will grow gray.

THE CHARACTER OF A London-Diurnall.

A *Diurnall* is a punie *Chronicle*, scarce pin-feathered with the wings of *time*: It is an Historie in *fippets*, the English *Iliads* in a nut-shell; the *Apocryphall Parliaments* book of *Maccabees* in single sheets, It would tire a *Welch Pedigree*, to reckon up how many *aps* 'tis removed from an *Annall*: For it is of that *Extract* 5 onely of the younger *house* like a *Shrimp* to a *Lobster*. The *original Juner* in this kind was Dutch, *Galliobelgicus* the *Protoplast*; and the *moderne Mercuries* but *Hans en Kelders*. The Countess of *Zealand* was brought to bed of an *Almanack*, as many children as dayes in the year. It may be the *Legislative Lady* is of that lineage; so she spawns the *Diurnalls*, and they at *Westminster* take them in by the names of *Scoticus*, *Civicus*, *Britannicus*. In the Frontispice of the old *Beldam Diurnal*, like the *Contents* of the *Chapter*, fitteth the *House of Commons*, Judging the twelve Tribes of *Israel*. You may call them the *Kingdomes Anatomy* before the *Weekly Kalendar*: For such is a *Diurnall*, the day of the *moneth*, with what weather in the *Commonwealth*. It is taken for the pulse of the *Body politick*, and the *Emporick Divines* of the *Assemly*, those *spiritual Dragooners*, thumb it accordingly. Indeed it is a pretty *Synopsis*: and those grave *Rabbies*, (though in point of *Divinity*) trade in no larger *Ambours*. The *Country Carrier*, when he buyes it for the *Vicar*, miscalls it the *Vrinall*: yet properly enough, for it casts the water of the *State*, ever since it ftaled bloud. It differs from an *Author*, as the *Devil* and

his *Exorciſt*; or as a *black Witch* doth from a *white* one, whoſe office it is to unravell her *inchantments*.

It begins uſually with an *Ordinance*, which is a *Law ſtill-borne*, dropt before quickened by the *Royall aſſent*: 'Tis one of the *Parliaments by-blows* (*Acts* being legitimate) and hath no more Syre than a *Spaniſh Gennet*, that's begotten by the wind.

Thus their *Militia* (like its patron *Mars*) is the iſſue onely of the *Mother*, without the concourſe of *Royal Iupiter*. Yet *Law* it is if they *vote* it, though in defiance of their *Fundamentalls*; like the old *Sexton*, who ſwore his *Clock* went true, whatever the *Sun* ſay to the contrary.

The next *Ingredients* of a *Diurnall* is *plots*, *horrible plots*, which with wonderfull ſagacity it hunts drie foot, while they are yet in their *cauſes*, before *Materia prima* can put on her ſmock. How many ſuch fits of the *Mother* have troubled the *Kingdoms*, and (for all Sir *Walter Earle* look like a Man-Midwife) not yet delivered of ſo much as a *cuſhion*. But *Actors* muſt have their *Properties*; and ſince the *tages* were *voted* down, the onely *Play-houſe* is at *VVeſtminſter*:

Suitable to their *plots* are their *Informers*, *Skippers* and *Taylors*, *Spaniels* both for the *land* and *water*: *Good conſcionable Intelligence!* For however *Pym's* bill may inflame the *reckoning*, the *honeſt vermin* have not ſo much for *lying* as the *publick Faith*.

Thus a *zealous Butcher* in *More-fields*, while he was contriving ſome *Quirpo-cut* of *Church-Government*, by the help of his *out-lying ears* and the *Otacouſticon* of the *Spirit*, diſcovered ſuch a plot, that *Selden* intends to combate *Antiquity*, and maintain it was a *Taylors Gooſe* that preſerved the *Capitol*.

I wonder my Lord of *Canterbury* is not once more all-to-be-traytor'd for dealing with the *Lyons*, to ſettle the *Commiſſion of Array* in the *Tower*. It would do well to cramp the *Articles Dormant*, beſides the opportunity of reforming thoſe *Beaſts of the Prerogative*, and changing their *profaner names* of *Harry* and *Charls* into *Nehemiah* and *Eleazer*,

Suppoſe a *Corn-cutter*, being to give little *Iſaac* a *caſt of his office*, ſhould fail to paring his *Brows*, miſtaking the one end for the other, becauſe he branches at both. This would be a *plot*, and the next *Diurnall* would furniſh you with this ſcale of *Votes*.

Reſolved upon the Queſtion, that this act of the *Corncutter* was an abſolute

abſolute invaſion of the *Cities Charter*, in the *repreſentative forehead of Iſaac.*

Reſolved, that the *evill Counſellors* about the *Corn-cutter* are popiſhly affected, and enemies to the *State*

Reſolved, that there be a *publick Thankſgiving* for the great deliverance of *Iſaac's Brow-antlers*: and a ſolemn *Covenant* drawn up, to defie the *Corn-cutter* and all his works.

Thus the *Quixots* of this age fight with the *VVindmills* of their owne heads? quell *Monſters* of their owne creation make *plots*, and then diſcover them: as who ſitter to unkennell the *Fox*, than the *Tarrier*, that is a part of him.

In the third plate march their *Adventures*: the *Roun-heads Legend*, the *Rebel's Romance*, ſtories of a larger ſize than the ears of their *Sect*, able to ſtrangle the belief of a *Soli-fidian*.

I'le preſent them in their order: and firſt as a *VVhiffler*, before the ſhow, enter *Stamford*, one that trod the ſtage with the firſt, traverſt his ground, made a leg, and *Exit*. The *Country people* took him for one that by *Order* of the *Houſes* was to dance a *Morrice* through the *VVeſt* of *England*. Well, he is a nimble *Gentleman*, ſet him upou *Banks* his *horſe* in a *ſaddle rampant*, and it is a great queſtion, which part of the Centaur ſhews better tricks.

There was a Vote paſſing to tranſlate him, with all his equipage, into Monumentall-Ginger-bread: but it was croſſed by the Female Committee, alledging, that the Valour of his *Image* would bite their children by the Tongues.

This Cubit and halfe of Commander, by the help of a *Diurnall*, routed his enemies fifty miles off: *It* is ſtrange you will ſay, and it is generally believed, he would as ſoon do it at that diſtance as nearer hand. Sure it was his ſword, for which the weapon-ſalve was invented, that ſo wounding and healing, like loving *Correlates*, might both work at the ſame removes.

But the Squib is run to the end of the Rope, Roome for the *Prodigy of Valour*, *Madam Atropos* in breeches, *VValiers* Knight errantry: and becauſe every *Mountebank* muſt have his *Zany*, throw him in *Haſſerig*, to ſet off the ſtory, theſe two, like *Bell* and the *Dragon*, are alwais worſhipped in the ſame Chapter, they hunt in their couples, what one doth at the head, the other ſcores up at the heel.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as *Hopkins* and *Sterndhold*

murder the Psalms, with another to the same, one chimes all in and then the other strikes up as the Saints-bell.

I wonder for how many lives my Lord *Hopton* took the Lease of his body.

First *Stanford* slew him: then *VValler* out-killed that half a bar, and yet it is thought the sullen Corps would scarce bleed, were both these Manslayers never so near it,

The fame goes of a Dutch-Headsman, that he would do his office with so much ease and dexterity, that the head after execution should stand upon the shoulders; pray God Sir *VVilliam* be not Probationer for the place. For as if he had the like knack to, most of those, whom the *Diurnall* hath slain for him, to us poor Mortalls seem untoucht.

Thus the Artificers of Death can kill the man, without wounding the body, like Lightning that melts the sword, and never singes the Scabbard.

This is the *VVilliam*, whose Lady is the *Conquerour*: This is the *Cities Champion*, and the *Diurnalls Delight*, he, that Cuckolds the Generall in his Commission: for he stalks with *Essex*, and shoots under his belly, because his Oxellency himself is not charged there. Yet in all this triumph there is a Whip and a Bell: translate but the Scene to *Round-way Down*, There *Haslerig's* Lobsters were turned into Crabs and crawled backwards: there poor Sir *VVilliam* ran to his Lady for a use of consolation.

But the *Diurnall* is weary of the arm of flesh, and now begins an *Hosanna* to *Cromwell*, one that hath beat up his Drums cleane through the Old Testament: you may learn the Genealogie of our Saviour, by the names in his Regimeut. The Mustar-master uses no other List than the first Chapter of *Matthew*.

With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of Forrainers, when themselves entertain such an Army of *Hebrews*? This *Cromwell* is never so valorous, as when he is making speeches for the Association: which nevertheless he doth somewhat ominously, with his neck awry, holding up his ear, as if he expected *Mahomets* Pidgeon to come and prompt him. He should be a bird of prey too by his bloudy beak: his Nose is able to trie a young Eagle, whether she be lawfully begotten. But all is not gold that glisters: What we wonder at in the rest of them is naturall in him, to kill without bloud-shed: for most of his Trophies are in a Church-

window,

window, when a Looking-glass would shew him more Superstition. He is so perfect a hater of Images, that he hath defaced God's in his own *countenance*. If he deals with men, 'tis when he takes them napping in an old *Monument*; then down goes *dust* and *ashes*: and the stoutest *Cavalier* is no better. *O brave Oliver!* *Times Voider, Subsizer* to the *Vormes*: in whom *Death*, who formerly devoured our *Ancestors*, now chews the cud. He said grace once, as if he would have fallen aboard with the *Marquess* of *Newcastle*: nay, and the *Diurnall* gave you his *bill of fare*; but it proved a running banquet, as appears by the story. Believe him as he whistles to his *Cambridge* Teem of *Committee-men*, and he doth wonders. But *holy men* (like the *holy Language*) must be read backwards. They rifle *Colledges* to promote *Learning*, and pull down *Churches* for *edification*. But *Sacrilege* is intailed upon him: There must be a *Cromwell* for *Cathedrals*, as well as *Abbeys*: a secure sinne whose offence carries its pardon in its mouth: For how can he be hang'd for *Church-robbery*, which gives it selfe the benefit for the *Clergy*.

But for all *Cromwels* Nose wears the *Dominicall Letter*, compared to *Manchester*, he is but like the *vigils* to an *Holy-day*. This, this is the man of God; so sanctified a *Thunderbolt*, that *Burroughs*, in a proportionable blasphemy to his *Lord of Hosts*, would stile him the *Archangell*, giving battell to the *Devill*.

Indeed, as the *Angels*, each of them makes a severall *species*, so every one of his *souldiers* is a distinct *Church*. Had these Beasts been to enter into the Ark, it would have puzzled *Noah* to have suited them into pairs. If ever there were a rope of sand, it was so many Sects twisted into an *Association*.

They agree in nothing, but they are all *Adamites* in understanding. It is the sign of a *coward* to *wink*, and *fight*; yet all their valour proceeds from their ignorance.

But I wonder whence their Generals purity proceeds: it is not by traduction: if he was begotten a Saint, it was by equivocall generation: for the Devill in the father, is turn'd Monk in the son: so his godlinesse is of the same parentage with good Laws, both extracted out of bad manners, and would he alter the Scripture, as he hath attempted the Creed, he might vary the Text, and say to Corruption, *Thou art my Father*.

This is he, that hath put out one of the Kingdomes eyes, by clouding our Mother-University, and (if this Scotch mist further

prevail) will extinguish this other. He hath the like quarrell to both, because both are strung with the same *Optique verve*, *Knowing Loyalty*. Barbarous Rebell! who will be revenged upon all Learning, because his Treason is beyond the mercy of the Book.

The *Diurnall*, as yet, hath not talkt much of his Victories; but there is the more behind: For the Knight must alwayes beat the Giant: that's resolved. If any thing fall out amisse, which cannot be smothered, the *Diurnall* hath a help at Maw, it is but putting to Sea, and taking a *Danish Fleet*, or brewing it with some successe out of *Ireland*, and it goes down merrily.

There are more Puppets that move by the wyre of a *Diurnall*, as *Brereton* and *Gell*; two of *Mars* his petty-toes; such sniveling Cowards, that it is a favour to call them so. Was *Brereton* to fight with his teeth, as in all other things he resembles the *Beast*, he would have odds of any man at the weapon: O he's a terrible slaughter-man at a Thanksgiving Dinner: had he been *Cannibal*, to have eaten those that he vanquisht, his Gut would have made him valiant.

The greateſt wonder is at *Fairfax*, how he comes to be a Bab of Grace. Certainly it is not in his personall, but (as the *State-Sophies* distinguish) in his Politick capacity; regenerated *ab extra*, by the zeal of the House he sate in; as Chickens are hatcht at *Grand Cairo*, by the adoption of an Oven.

There is the *Woodmonger* too, a feeble Crutch to a declining Cause; a new branch of the old *Oak* of *Reformation*.

And now I speak of Reformation, *vous avez Fox*, the Tinker, the liveliest Embleme of it that may be: For what did this Parliament ever go about to reform, but Tinker-wise, in mending one hole they made three.

But I have not Ink enough to cure all the Tetters and Ringworms of the State.

I will close up all thus: The Victories of the Rebels are like the Magicall Combat of *Apuleius*, who, thinking he had slain all three of his Enemies, found them at last but a Triumvirate of Bladders. Such, and so empty are the triumphs of a *Diurnall*; but so many impossible fancies, so many Bladders of their own blowing.

The

The Character of a *Country*-COMMITTEE-MAN, With the Ear-mark of a SEQUESTRATOR.

A Committee man by his name ſhould be one that is poſſeſſed, there is number enough in his name to make an Epithete for Legion; he is *perſona in concreto* (to borrow the ſoleciſme of a modern Stateſman) you may tranſlate it by the Red Bull phraſe, and ſpeak as properly, enter ſeven Devils *ſolus*: It is a well-truſs'd title that contains both the number and the Beaſt. For a Committee-man is a Noune of Multitude; he muſt be ſpelled with figures, like Antichriſt wrapped in a pair-royall of Sixes: Thus the name is as monſtrous as the Man, a compleat notion of the ſame linage with accumulative treaſon: For his office, it is the Heptarchy, or *Englands* Fritters; it is the broken meat of a crumbling Prince, onely the Royalty is greater; for it is here as in the miracle of loaves, the voider exceeds the Bill of fare, the Pope and he rings the change; here is a plurality of Crowns to one head, joyn them together,

ther, and there is harmony in discord, the triple headed Turn-key of Heaven, with the triple headed Porter of Hell. A Committee-man is the reliques of Regall Government, but (like holy Reliques) he outbulks the substance whereof he is a remnant: There is a score of Kings in a Committee, as in the reliques of the Crosse there is the number of twenty. This is the Gyant with the hundred hands that weilds the Scepter, the tyrannicall Bead-Roll by which the Kingdome prayes backward, and with a kind of *Rebus*, at every Curse drops a Committee-man. Let *CHARLES* be wayved, whose conducing clemency aggravates the defection, and make *Nero* the question, better a *Nero* than a Committee. There's lesse execution by a single bullet, than by case-shot.

Now a Committee-man is a party-coloured Officer, he must be drawn like *Janus* with Cross and Pile in his countenance, as he relates to the Souldiers, or face about to his fleecing the Country. Look upon him martially, and he is a Justice of war; one that hath bound his *Dalton* up in Buff, and will needs be of the *Quorum* to the best Commanders; he is one of *Mars* his Lay-Elders, he shares in the Government, though a Non-conformist to his bleeding Rubrick; he is the like Sectary in arms, as the Platonick is in love, keeps a flattering in discourse, but proves Haggard in the action; he is not of the Souldiers, and yet of his flock; it is an Emblem of the golden Age (and such indeed he makes it) to him, when so tame a Pigeon may converse with Vulturs. Me thinks a Com-

a Committee hanging about a Governour, and Bandileers dangling about a fur'd Alderman, have an Anagram reſemblance; there is no Syntax between a Cap of maintenance and a Helmet: Who ever knew an Enemy routed by a Grand-Jury and a *Billa vera?* It is a left handed Garriſon where their authority perches; but the more prepoſterous, the more in faſhion: the right hand fights while the left hand rules the reines: the Truth is, the Souldier and the Gentlemen are like *Don Quixot* and *Sancho Pancha*, one fights at all adventures to purchaſe the other the Government of the Iſland. A Committeeman properly ſhould be the Governours Matroſſe to fit his truckle, and to new-ſtring him with ſinews of War for his cheif uſe, to raiſe Aſſeſſments in the neigbouring Wapentake.

The Country people being like an Iriſh Cow, that will not give down her milk unleſſe ſhe ſee her Calf before her: Hence it is he is the Garriſons dry Nurſe, he chews their contribution before he feeds them; ſo the poor Souldiers live like *Trochilus*, by picking the teeth of this fated Crocodile.

So much for his warlike or ammunition face, which is ſo preternaturall, that it is rather a vizard than a face. *Mars* in him hath but a blinking aſpect, his *face of Armes* is like his *Coat*, *partie per pale*, Souldier and Gentleman much of a ſcantling.

Now enter his Taxing and deglubing face, a ſqueezing look, like that of *Veſpaſianus*, as if he were breeding over a cloſe-ſtool. Take him thus, and

he

he is the Inquiſition of the purſe; an authentick Gypſie, that nips your bung with a canting Ordinance; not a murthered fortune in all the Country but bleeds at the touch of this Malefactor. He is the ſpleen of the Body Politick, that ſwells it ſelf to the conſumption of the whole: At firſt indeed he ferreted for the Parliament, but ſince he hath got off his Cope, he ſet up for himſelf, he lives upon the ſins of the people, and that's a good ſtanding-diſh too, he verifies the Axiom, *Iiſdem nutritur ex quibus componitur*, his diet is ſuitable to his conſtitution. I have wondered often why the plundered Country men ſhould repair to him for ſuccour, certainly it is under the ſame notion, as one whoſe pockets are pickt goes to *Mol Cut-purſe*, as the predominant in that faculty.

He out-dives a Dutchman: gets a Noble of him that was never worth ſixpence, for the pooreſt doe not eſcape, but Dutch like, he will be dreyning even in the drieſt ground; he aliens a Delinquents eſtate with as little remorſe, as his other Hoilneſſe giveth away an Hereticks Kingdome, and for the truth of the Delinquency, both Chapmen have as little ſhare of Infallibility. Lye is the grand Sallad of arbitrary Government, Executor to the Star-Chamber, & the high Commſſion; for thoſe Courts are not extinct they ſurvive in him, like Dollars changed into ſingle mony. To ſpeak the truth, he is the univerſal Tribunal: for ſince theſe times all cauſes fall to his cognizance, as in a great infection all diſeaſes turne oft

to

to the Plague. It concerns our Maſters the *Parliament* to look about them, if he proceedeth at this rate, the Jack may come to ſwallow the Pike; as the Intereſt often eats out the principal. As his commands are great, ſo he looks for a reverence accordingly. He is punctual in exacting your hat, and to ſay right, it is his due: but by the ſame title, as the upper garment is the vails of the Executioner. There was a time when ſuch cattel would have hardly been taken upon ſuſpition for men in office, unleſſe the old Proverb were renewed, that the Beggars make a free Company, and thoſe their Wardens. You may ſee what it is to hang together, look uppon them ſeverally, and you cannot but fumble for ſome thrids of charity: But oh they are Tarmagants in Conjunction! like Fidlers, who are rogues when they goe ſingle; and joyned in conſort, gentlemen Muſicioners. I care not much if I untwiſt my Committeeman, and ſo give him the receipt of this grand Catholicon. Take a State Martyr, one that for his good behaviour hath paid the Exciſe of his eares, ſo ſuffered captivity by the Land-Piracy of Ship-money, next a Primitive Freeholder, one that hates the King, becauſe he is a Gentleman, tranſgreſſing the *Magna Charta* of delving *Adam*. Add to theſe a mortified Bankrupt, that helps out his falſe Weights with ſome ſcruples of Conſcience, and with his peremptory ſcales can doom his Prince with a *Mene tekel*. Theſe with a new blue-ſtocking'd Juſtice lately made of a good basket-hilted Yeoman, with a ſhort

a ſhort handed Clerk tackt to the Rear of him to carry the Knapſack of his underſtanding, together with two or three Equivocall Sirs, whoſe Religion, like their Gentility, is the extract of their Acres, being therefore ſpirituall, becauſe they are earthly; not forgetting the man of the Law, whoſe corruption gives the *Hogan* to the ſincere Junto. Theſe are the ſimples of this precious Compound, a kind of Dutch hotch potch, the *Hogan Mogan* Committee-man.

A Committee-man hath a Side-man, or rather a ſetter hight, a Sequeſtrator, of whom you may ſay, as of the great Sultans horſe, where he treads the graſſe grows no more. He is the States Cormorant, one that fiſhes for the Publique, but feeds himſelf; the miſery is, he fiſhes without the Cormorants property, a rope to ſtrengthen the gullet, and to make him diſgorge. A Sequeſtrator! He is the Devils Nut-hook, the ſign with him is alwayes in the clutches. There is more Monſters retain to him, then to all the limbs in Anatomy. It is ſtrange Phyſitians doe not apply him to the ſoles of the feet in a deſperate Feaver, he draws far beyond Pigeons: I hope ſome Mountebank will ſlice him, and make the Experiment. He is a Tooth-drawer once removed, here is all the difference, one applauds the Grinder, and the other the Griſt. Never till now could I verifie the Poets deſcription, that the ravenous Harpie had a humane viſage. Death it ſelf cannot quit ſcores with him; Like the Demoniack in the Goſpel,

ſpel, he lives among Tombs, nor is all the holy water ſhed by Widdows and Orphans a ſufficient Exorciſme to diſpoſſeſſe him. Thus the Cat ſucks your breath, and the Fiend your bloud; Nor can the brotherhood of Witch-finders, ſo ſagely inſtituted with all their terror, wean the Familiars.

But once more to ſingle out my imboſt Committee-man, his fate (for I know you would fain ſee an end of him) is either a whipping Audit, when he is wrung in the withers by a Committee of Examinations, and ſo the ſponge weeps out the moiſture which he ſoaked before; Or elſe he meets his paſſing peale in the clamourous mutiny of a gut-founded Garriſon; for the Hedge-Sparrow will be feeding the Cuckow, till he miſtakes his commons and bites off her head. Whatever 'tis, it is within his deſert: For what is obſerved of ſome creatures, that at the ſame time they trade in productions three ſtories high, ſuckling the firſt, big with the ſecond, and clicketing for the third. A Committee-man is the Counter-point, his miſchief's ſuperfetation, a certain ſcale of deſtruction; for he ruines the father, beggers the ſon, and ſtrangles the hopes of all poſterity.

A Letter to a Friend, diſſwading him from his attempt to marry a NUNN.

SIR,

THough no mans arms can be opened wider to receive you on ſhore, and give you poſſeſſion of this breaſt, yet I know not whether with the uſuall complement I may welcome you home, as doubting your Country may have mewed that relation in ſo long an abſence, ſhe having expos'd her nobleſt Iſſue, being conviction enough to make you diſclaim her. Beſides, there is ſuch a new face of things ſince your departure, that what was formerly the Character of the Inhabitant is now the Kingdomes, *To be a ſtranger at home*; inſomuch, as were you deſign'd for a ſecond journey, it might be part of your buſineſſe to travell other Countries in queſt of your own. Indeed ſhe is ſuch an Alien in her looks, that moſt of her Off-ſpring dare not ask her bleſſing; her countenance is not denizen of her ſelf, you would think her to be ſome floating Iſland,

that

that had made a voyage onely to truck for an outlandish viſage. Some who have ſpell'd her lineaments, ſay ſhe copies out the *Dutch*, and to make good the parallel, they doubt not to inſtance in our *Hogen* Governours. It is in a broken Kingdome as in a crack'd Looking-glaſſe, where inſtead of one face, that Monarch-like ſhould repreſent the whole, you may ſee variety of leſſer ones glimmering in its room, and the Aſpects of all of them fierce and frowning. Well then a forreiner ſhe is, and her complexion borrowed; ſo that as our new Philoſophers would have the Earth to move, and the Heavens ſtand ſtill, the ſame may be ſaid of this State of ours, and the Royall train, that you were part of. It was the Kingdome wandered, not you that left it. You were fix'd, and *England* in exile. When a Country reels from its ſettled poſture, there is no defection in him that quits it, it having firſt abandon'd its ſelf. In this caſe, though it be a fallacy in the ſenſe, it holds good in reaſon, that the ſhore moves and falls off from the Saylor. Whence you ſee Sir there is ſome poſſibility I might reverſe your travels, were it not for one argument which abundantly confirmes them, the ſage experience you have treaſur'd up in your obſervations: for no ſooner had you loſt your native ſoil, but by way of repriſall you took in others. The Dominions you viſit you carry along with you, and by a victorious induſtry make them pay tribute to your underſtanding: not like a number of our roaring Gal-

lants, who return ſo empty and without their errand, as if their travell, like Witches in the air, were nothing but the waſtage of a deluded phant'ſie, perſwading themſelves that they circle the Globe, when the Card they ſail by is nothing elſe but a ſlumbring impoſture. But me thinks we are too grave Sir, what if we unbend awhile, and preſume to tell you, that in all your Errantry, there is no Adventure ſo much affects me, as that of the *Nun*: where I cannot determine, whether your love it ſelf were more exotick, or the forme of accoſting it: For although it be naturall for Jealouſie to ſtudy fornication, and every Cuckold within his own precincts be an Engineer, yet never before have I heard of a Miſtriſſe fenc'd with a portcullice, or an amorous viſit manag'd with the caution which ſuſpicious Kings uſe in an enterview. This manner of greeting may not unfitly be tearmed *Cupids* barriers, a breathing exerciſe rather than a Combat, where the dallying Champions have a rayl to part them, that they may not fight it out to the uttermoſt. Had your old romancing ſpirit poſſeſt you, the brandiſh'd blade would have freed the Lady from her enchanted durance; nor had you been leſſe concern'd in the reſcue than the fair Recluſe: for who that blows ſhort in expectation of his love, and in that heat of impatience ſhould be ſever'd from his hopes by a few envious bars, would not feel himſelf like another St. *Laurence* broyl'd on a Gridiron? But ſee how cuſtomes vary with the clime;

as

as there are ſome Regions who ſalute one another by putting off their ſhooes inſtead of their hats, ſo it ſeems where you have been, there is as different a form of impriſonment: The Priſoner is at large and without the grate wiſhing for admittance, and ſhe, at whoſe ſute his ſoul is arreſted, cloſe clapt up and abridg'd of liberty. Sure at this grate thoſe *Chryſon* lovers, call'd *Platonicks*, had their firſt training, thoſe queaſie gameſters that diet themſelves with the aery notion of mingling ſouls without putting their bodies to farther brokage than kiſſing of hands and twiſting of eye-beams. For your part Sir, you are none of thoſe puling ſtomachs, you have an appetite for a whole Cloiſter; It is but trifling ſport for you to pull down an Out-lier, unleſſe you leap the pale and let ſlip at the heard. I wonder what exorciſme the Abbeſs us'd to get quit of the *Incubus*; for had ſhe not check'd your hovering temptations, I am confident by this time you had transform'd the Covent, and turn'd the *Nunnery* into a *Seraglio*. But in ſober ſadneſs why a *Nunn*? Sir, how came you out of the active torrent into that ſolitary creek! Princes ſeldome treat of Matches but in forrein Dominions, your affection takes greater ſtate as fixing upon one of another world; had your paſſion been centred on the beauty of her ſoul, I had look'd upon it as the act of your converſion, ſuch a love might juſtly have been chriſtened by the name of Zeal, being ſettled on a perſon, on whom to be enamoured is in ſort to take Orders. Hence it

is there want not some who suspect your Religion, least equivocating from the beauty of her person, to that of her profession, you should turn Monastick. Others, who are better acquainted with the warmth of your temper, are rather solicitous for the Church in generall, for fear least with *Luther* you should marry a *Nunn*, and so with him to make her a Joincture in a new Religion. If this be your plot, consider I pray you, how difficult it is to innovate farther in this age of Novelties, when the world is so spent in new inventions, that for want of game, even rust and rottennesse are flourish'd over with a seeming verdure; Not one of all those beldam heresies, that did pennance formerly by doom of the Antients, but hath cast her skin since these confusions, and gives her self out for a blooming Virgin. But I think I may spare this piece of counsell: I dare be your compurgator for medling with Religion. That which fir'd your spirits was the ambition of the enterprice; nor could you entertain a more aspiring frenzy, but by making love to a glorified body. Tell me, I pray you, how many beads did you drop in wooing? By what Liturgy did you frame your courtship? Laick applications are here scandalous; nor will it avail to say, you languish without her compassion: A sensuall man is able to vitiate the estall flame even by his martyrdom. Other lovers, in the jollity of their trope, use to canonize their Mistresses, as being of opinion, that the native rubrick of their cheeks hath hallowed them, will you run

run counter to that consecration, and degrade a Saint by morall addresses? If you have no room in your Calender for persons upon earth, yet doe not prophane a Probationer of heaven, as if the readiest way to rectifie Superstition, were with our modern Reformers to bow it into Atheisme. Let me advise you Sir, to rettrive your self back from this carnall sacriledge. Catch not at *Herostratus* his fame, by setting fire on the Temple; and dispute not a share of guilt with *Lucifer*, in causing a second fall of Angels: Nay, never start Sir, nor look about at the expression; for I perswade my self, that those Divines, who allot to each of us a Tutelar Angel for our protection, would not prejudice their opinion, should they leave her to her own tuition, as hardly knowing in such a person how to distinguish betwixt the Charge and the Guardian. Sir, I was entreated by our noble Friend, that what my phant'sie suggested upon this Subject, I wou'd mould into Number: but I must beg your pardons, it being a request with which to comply were to be your fellow-criminall, and by a conformity of guilt to pervert a votary; for even my Muse is vowed and veild too, she is set apart for the service of my Mistresse, and what is that, but even true Religion. The truth is, she is so charily confin'd to that sole imployment, that should I in verse attempt to yield you an accompt how much I honour you, not a whole grove of Laurell would bribe her to a distick, whereas in transitory prose, were I Master of all

thoſe Languages, which I make no queſtion but you have gain'd by your travels, I ſhould hold them all to few too give you ſufficient aſſurance that I am,

Sir,

Your moſt faithfull.

LET-

LETTERS.

SIR,

THough I haue no reaſon to be guiltie of much good meaning to your Garriſon, yet I thought it not unfit to tell you, that on Fryday laſt, one *Hill* by name, in no other condition than my ſervant entered your ark, and with him of my monies 133-0-8. this preciſe ſumme I was willing you ſhould know, ſuppoſing your wiſdome might own the moneys, though your honeſties could hardly allow the act. Which if ſo, and that hereafter we ſhall find it no ſinne to violate your ſanctuary, and uppon the audit find the receipt, we may happily account it a lone, and not a loſſe, it being in hands reſponſable for greater matters: and now Sir, let me ſpeak to you as a judge, not as an advocate, give the fellow his juſt reward, prefer him, or ſend him hither, and we ſhall; if you dare not truſt him, let him be truſſed; If you dare, I ſhall wiſh you more ſuch ſervants, and for that onely reaſon excuſe me for the preſent, that I dare not ſay I am yours.

W. E.

The Anfwer.

Sixtly, beloved is it ſo, that our brother and fellow labourer in the Goſpel is ſtart aſide? then this may ſerve for an uſe of inſtruction, not to truſt in man, or in the ſonne of man. Did not *Demas* leave *Paul*; Did not *Oneſimus* run from his maſter *Philemon*? Alſo this ſhould teach us to imploy our talents, and not lay them up in a napkin. Had it been done among the Caviliers, it had been juſt, then the iſraelite had ſpoiled the Ægiptian: but for *Simeon* to plunder *Levi*, that--that-! You ſee Sir what uſe I make of your doctrine you ſent to me, and indeed ſince you change ſtile ſo far as to nibble at Wit, you muſt pardon it to quit ſcores; I pretend a little to a gift in preaching. Sir I expected to hear from you in the phraſe of the loſt Groat, and the Prodigal Sonne, and in ſuch a *tantum* of language, but I perceive your communication is not alwoies yea, yea, now and then a little harlotry Rhetorick: you ſay that your man is entred our Ark, I am ſorry you were ſo ignorant in Scripture as to let him come ſingle, The text had been better ſatisfied if you had pleaſed to bear him company, for then the beaſts had entred by couples. But though he came alone, yet well lined it ſeems, a 133-0-8. ſure the Hue and Cry had good Lungs, it would have been out of breath elſe before it had reached the 8. Thus is the ſumme, but why you call it the preciſe ſumme, ſince it is fallen

len away, I underſtand not: but how come you to reckon ſo punctually? Did *Ananias* tell it upon the Table Dormant? What yeare of the perſecution of the Saints? I wonder you did not rather count it by the ſhekels, that is the more ſanctified coyn. I take it you are miſtaken in the ſanctuary you ſpeak of. For that which your man hath taken is *Welbeck*, one of our Chappels of eaſe, not the mother Church, our Garriſon of *Newark*. But the beſt is they are both without the reach of your ſacriledge. Whereas you count the loſſe but a loane, we ſhall graunt as a debt, but bearing the ſame date of payment, as that which you borrowed on the publick Faith. I ſuſpect your hand was troubled with the Palſey, when you wrote of a Judge: your man however ſhall find me an advocate, ſo what ſay you to an occaſionall meditation? Reflect but on your ſelf how you have uſed our common maſter, and I doubt not, but then you will pardon your man: he hath but tranſcribed and copied out the diſloyalty his maſter and his fraternity had taught him: and to conclude with your own, I wiſh you more ſuch ſervants; and more ſuch ſummes to be derived to their proper channell, from whence it is imaginable that was purloyned.

I. C.

Sir,

Sir

HAd not indulgent mercie provided for troubled ſpirits ſacred Oracles, how troubled had you been to contrive ſomething worthy of laughter? how eaſily had the expence of your wit been truſſed up in an Egg-ſhell. I dare not trace in holy ground, it is not ſafe nibling there; you ſee what doctrine I make of your uſe. But yet ſo far as yours is prophane, give me leave to nibble at wit, though I dare not undertake like a mighty Coloſs (whoſe every motion doth *Cleave-Land* like *terram findere*) to devour indigeſted lumps of wit, as the Cyclops men at a morſel, and then retail it out as a Jugler doth Inckle by the yard, all in Character, and by couples entring the ark uppon account. Yet allow me to nibble, and I'le allow you the gift in preaching. Pitty it is the proviſion of ſo many ſavory leſſons, wholſome inſtructions, even ſo many pious collections, as might worthily have entituled you to the comfortable ſubſiſtence of a well gleb'd Vicaridge, beſides the advantage of a wit, which would require another wit, to tell how great ſuch a divine knowledge, as might enable you to prophane every leafe of holy Writ, unknown ſanctity, and a conſcience ſo tender I dare not touch; Pity it is ſuch accompliſh'd gifts, and prodigious Parts ſhould be miſimploy'd in ſecular affairs, ſuch an holy Father might have begot as many babes for the Mother-Church of *Newwark*, as your party hath of late done Garriſons, and converted as many ſouls as *Chaucers* Fryer, with the ſhoulder-

ſhoulder-bone of the loſt ſheep. But you ſay you expected: I thought you had had more than you expected; but however you expected penitential language and humble ſtile. The groat I will not meddle with, 'tis holy coyn, an addreſs full of complaints. Sir, we (like your ſelves) can ſpeak big of our loſſes, and yet with more ingenuity confeſs them: though I for modeſty will not ask you who ſtole frō you of late a Fort-town, or who ran away with the King, but of that--for that preciſe ſum, I ſee you are willing to quarrel at preciſeneſs, it was to tell you revenge would have transformed it upon your very --How you quarrel at your good, had you miſtaken him for a tax-gatherer, and eas'd him of his portage before he arrived at our Chappel of eaſe, I would not you ſhould have abated him a fourth part for his forwardneſs, and put it upon the file of contribution for his Majeſties good Garriſon of Newark: I ſhould have liked the ſecurity well, and when your works had failed to ſave you, expected a return upon the publick faith, the meditation whereof putteth me uppon this advice; think not prophaneſs can compact with mudd to caſt up a trench of ſecurity, attempt not, though a gyant, to reach at ſtars, to throw that Proverb at you,

Be wiſe on this ſide heaven.

The

The Answer

THe Philosopher, that never laughed but once, when he saw an Asse mumbling of thistles, would have broke his spleen at the rejoynder of yours, for who would not take that for an Embleme of this, observing how gingerly, and with what caution you nibble at my Letter, lest it should prick your chops. But something must needs be reply'd: Repetitions are usuall with the Saints at *Grantham*. I look upon your letter as a spittle sermon, where I perceive your ambition, how you would prove your self a clean beast, because you know how to chew the cud: For the first sentence, where you speak of troubled spirits and sacred Oracles, you talk as if you were in *Doll Commons* extasie, certainly your spirit is troubled, else your expression had not run so muddy: for never was Oracle more ambiguous, if possible, to be reconciled to sence. The wit which you say may be trussed up in an egg-shell, I fear your ovall crown hath scarce capacity to contain: you disclaim being a Colosse, content, I have as diminitive thoughts of you as you please. I take you for a Jack of Lent, and my pen shall make of you accordingly three throws for a penny. But you cannot *Cleave-Land* like *terram findere*. O what a chargeable commodity is wit at *Grantham*, where the poor writer play's the Pimp, and jumbles two Languages together in unlawfull sheets for the production of a quibble.

quibble. But I applaud your cunning, the more unknown the town is you jeſt in, your wit will be the better; And why cannot you *Cleave* the *Land*? tread but hard, and your cloven foot will cleave it's impreſſion; you talk of Cyclops and Juglers, indeed hard words are the Juglers Dialect, but take heed, the time may come, when unleſſe you play *preſto be gon*, your run-away-King may cauſe you Juglers-wiſe to diſgorge your fate, and vomit a rope inſtead of Inkle. But to eccho your compaſſion, and return you an inventory of your good party; is it not pity the pure extract of ſanctified *Emanuel*, parboyled there in the Pipkin of Predeſtination, and ſince well read in the ſick mans ſalve, and the crums of comfort, & liberally fed with all the minced meat in Divinity. Is it not pity ſuch pious gogl at the Eye, ſuch a melodious twang at the noſe, ſuch a ſplay mouth drawn dry, as it were, edifiing the ear in private, beſides cheveral lungs which ſtill ſtretch forth ſo far as a ſeventeenthly. Is it not pity theſe gallant ingredients of modern devotion, which might juſtly have qualified you for a tub-lecture, and in time have enlarged your Dioceſs as that of Hidebery, that thoſe ineffable parts that paſſe all underſtanding, ſhould thus be ſequeſtred from the primitive uſe, and of a godly Lance-preſade in the church militant, be converted to a brother of the Blade, ſuch a walking Directory, ſuch a zealous *Roger* as this, might have ſaved more ſouls than ever *Samſon* ſlew, and with the ſame Engine, the Jaw-bone of an Aſſe: your pen is coy,

coy, and you wave the holy ground; and the holy coyn with a ſquemiſh preterition: I am glad to hear you acknowledge there is an holy ground, for then I hope *Hotham's* barn is not as good a congregation as Saint *Paul's*; for the holy coyn you muſt pardon me if I ſuſpect the chaſtity of your fingers, I am ſure thoſe of your party have been troubled with fellons, witneſſe the Church-revenues, and ſeverall ſacriledges that cannot be pared off with your nails: But there is another reaſon why I abſtain from the ignominy of the Saints. You were in hopes to retrieve your money, but verily, verily, never ſprings the partridge. You would have had your man taken for a tax-gatherer: Lord, how the ſtile alters, the man when he was with you was one of the Scribes and Phariſees, and here he muſt paſſe for a Publican and ſinner. Sir, we caſt up no trench of ſecurity, though we might have dirt enough in your language to doe it, and yet we hope to be ſaved by our works, for all the ſtrength of your Faith, whereby you hold your ſelves able to remove mountaines: for your advice not to throw ſtars at your head I imbrace it, for what need I, as long as there is gooſe-ſhot to be had for money, my wit ſhall be on what ſide heaven you pleaſe, provided it be alwayes antartick to yours: for the appellation of Giant I accept it, onely I am ſorry, that I am not he with the hundred hands, that I might ſo often ſubſcribe my ſelf, Sir,

your ſervant

FINIS. Jo Cl